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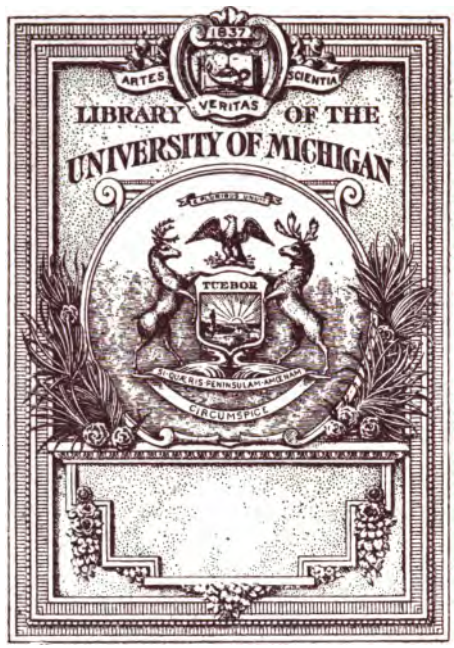

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MEMORIALS
of
WILLARD FISKE

I

THE EDITOR

II

THE TRAVELLER

III

THE LECTURER

MEMORIALS OF WILLARD FISKE

COLLECTED BY

HIS LITERARY EXECUTOR

HORATIO S. WHITE

II

THE TRAVELLER

BOSTON

RICHARD G. BADGER

THE GORHAM PRESS

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TO

F. G. W.

BLITHESOME COMPANION
IN MANY CLIMES AND SEASONS

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Daniel Willard Fiske was born in Ellisburgh, N. Y., November 11, 1831, and died in Frankfort-on-the-Main, September 17, 1904. He was educated at Cazenovia Seminary and at Hamilton College, but left the latter institution before graduation to go abroad and study the Scandinavian languages. He passed two years at the University of Upsala, Sweden, and returned to New York in 1852, taking a place in the Astor Library, where he remained until 1859. He was General Secretary of the American Geographical Society, 1859-60. In 1857 the *American Chess Monthly* was founded, which he edited in conjunction with Paul Morphy, 1857-60; and compiled the "Book of the First American Chess Congress," held in New York, 1857. He had been connected with the United States Legation, Copenhagen, 1850-1851; and became Attaché to the United States Legation, Vienna, 1861-62, under Motley. In 1863-65 he was connected with the Syracuse *Daily Journal.* Later he was in the book business in Syracuse, and in 1867 was on the staff of the Hartford *Courant.* At times he had been

clerk in the Syracuse Post Office. In 1868 he travelled abroad, visiting Egypt and Palestine, when he received a call to be Professor of North-European languages, and Librarian, at Cornell University. He was an ardent member of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity. Iceland he visited in 1879. In 1880 he married Miss Jennie McGraw, who died in 1881. In 1883 he resigned his offices at Cornell and took up his permanent residence in Florence, Italy. Mr. Fiske's miscellaneous writings were numerous and varied, and reprints of the more important have been selected for publication in the present series. His valuable book collections, which were presented to the Cornell University Library, related to Dante, to Petrarch, to Icelandic History and Literature, and to the Rhæto-Romanic language. Besides the great collections which have enriched Cornell University, that institution has also received from his estate a fund for the uses and purposes of the Library, of more than half a million dollars.

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INTRODUCTION

The thirteenth section of the will of Willard Fiske runs as follows:

"I hereby appoint the said Horatio S. White to be my literary Executor, with power and authority to distribute, print, return, or make such disposal of my correspondence and private papers, literary memoranda, etc., as may seem to him judicious and advisable."

Professor Fiske's remarkable work on "Chess in Iceland" was in the press at the time of his death in 1904, and appeared soon after. A few years later his literary executor published a work entitled "Chess Tales and Chess Miscellanies," Longmans, Green and Co., New York and London, 1912, a collection of reprints of tales and sketches composed by Mr. Fiske almost entirely in 1857-60, while managing the *Chess Monthly*.

The first volume of the present series, entitled "The Editor," and published in the spring of 1920, contains selections from his editorial service during the years 1863-65 while he was connected with the Syracuse *Journal*. Those selections were intended

to reveal his editorial ideals—his desire to communicate exact and interesting information, to broaden the intellectual horizon of his readers by intelligent discussion of foreign affairs, and to enhance civic pride by appreciative descriptions of local landscapes, and by scholarly examinations of the history of a region, the Colonial reminiscences of which reached back to Jesuit days. Mr. Fiske's articles, and the notes which he collected, were characterized by great intelligence and acumen, were of the widest range, and of much educational and scientific value. The selections were important and varied, serious but not ponderous in their presentation, with the elements of the humorous and the extraordinary not overlooked. That publication, apart from its illustration of Mr. Fiske's journalistic activity, may also serve the purpose of affording incidentally a partial glimpse of a standard American newspaper half a century ago.

This journalistic activity was continued in a desultory and sporadic but effective fashion during the remainder of Mr. Fiske's life, and extended to a great variety of subjects. Many and valuable were his contributions to the collegiate and outside press during the initial years of Cornell University, when that youthful institution needed the establishment of literary traditions and required interpretation to an uninformed public. Those other topics also which were dear to his heart, civil service re-

form, chess in its various ramifications, Iceland in many aspects of its civilization, were treated in numerous and suggestive communications.

His journalistic experience began at an early date. During the years when as a mere youth he travelled and studied in Europe, and in the course of many ensuing sojourns abroad from Iceland to Egypt, he wrote for various American periodicals engaging descriptions of his peregrinations in the countries which he visited. Many of these communications, dating back to 1850, would now be difficult or impossible of recovery, but for the paternal solicitude of Mr. Fiske's father, who for years excerpted these fugitive newspaper articles, and with pious pride preserved them, together with other family personalia, in a voluminous old-fashioned ledger-scrapbook. Old-fashioned, too, is the punctuation, much of which has been retained.

Invaluable is such a record for biographer or commentator.

Mr. Fiske was a joyous traveller, an eager pedestrian, a lover of nature in her visible forms, and a devotee to the human and historical elements in the landscape. Readers of the first volume in this series will recall many attractive illustrations of these traits in the descriptions of the natural beauty and the associations of the past which were revealed in the environment of Syracuse. The writer of these lines, when a mere boy, was often permitted to trail

along with the walking parties which Mr. Fiske organized into the country around, and dates the awakening of his young mind to the meaning of landscape from those illuminating expeditions.

This second volume gives many additional illustrations, in both prose and poetry, of those traits which have already appeared in the first, including not only the formative period when is visible the influence of Bayard Taylor's enthusiastic "Views Afoot," then fresh from the press, but also the later and instructive reflections of the matured observer. And in most of Mr. Fiske's work, here as well as elsewhere, may be detected one predominant quality, the accumulation and dissemination of useful and entertaining information, communicated in no pedantic fashion, but with a modest and sincere desire to add agreeably to the intellectual enlightenment of mankind.

The selections included embrace a number of his contributions to the home press, with an occasional family letter, describing his experiences in Scandinavia, Germany, and Austria in 1850-53, and 1862-63; a journey to Egypt and Palestine in 1867-68; accounts of his triumphal tour of Iceland in the summer of 1879, by Charles Dudley Warner and Provost W. H. Carpenter; excerpts from *Mímir*, a charming and compact little handbook on Iceland which he wrote and published in Copenhagen in 1903; and some beautiful descriptions of the dis-

tant island which appear in a choice volume of poems addressed and dedicated to his wife, exquisitely printed in a private edition (Florence) 1887, of less than a score of copies.

In his later years, Mr. Fiske was accustomed to spend his summers in Copenhagen and his winters in Egypt; but an account of his unique literary activity in connection with the latter country must be reserved for a later volume.

HORATIO S. WHITE.

Cambridge, October, 1920.

MEMORIALS OF WILLARD FISKE

MEMORIALS OF WILLARD FISKE

FROM A FAMILY LETTER

Copenhagen, Sept. 1, 1850

DEAR ———: This is a beautiful Sunday, and withal the first day of the most golden season of the year, when poor mortals who are not able to visit California can see yellowness about them in the broad fields of God. I left London on the 14th, after being there a fortnight, and seeing everything of worth and beauty, except the insides of the many books heaped up in the halls of that wonderful Institution—the British Museum. This, too, I hope to do sometime.

I sailed for Rotterdam. The passage was, as the sailors said, the roughest of the season, and I was painfully seasick. One or two circumstances, which occurred on the boat, made up for the pain I felt. A little time after I stepped on board, I fell into conversation with a young German, who had returned lately from a two years' tour in America. Upon learning my name, he reached out his hand

and expressed his pleasure at seeing me. He was a New Churchman,[1] and had seen Prof. B——— about ten days after I left, from whom he learned of me.

I stayed at Rotterdam through the night. It is a gray old town and stately. The fair was in progress, and the Holland peasants in holiday glitter filled the streets and market-places. The statue of Erasmus stands in the square, a tribute to the memory of the greatest Hollander. I had booked myself in London to Düsseldorf, and we took another steamer in the morning. We passed all day between the banks of the Nether Rhine. Long fortifications against the power of the monster Neptune, graced by long rows of willows, line the shores on both sides. We paddled by many little red-roofed villages, walled and towered, and beautifully like paintings. During the night we stayed at Emmerich, the first place on the frontier of Rhenish Prussia. The only thing of interest here was the inn at which we stayed—the "Hôtel du Comet"—a building full of wonderful things. The inn-keeper is a retired sea captain. A musical clock, queer statues, puzzles, and a thousand things fill the old building.

We were off again the early morning, and came to Düsseldorf at four o'clock in the afternoon. Here I beheld evidence of my contiguity to the strongly Catholic town of Cologne, shrines in the streets,

[1] Mr. Fiske's mother was a Swedenborgian.

images of Mary or Christ, at which the people bowed as they went by, sometimes kissing the stone of the statues. They were always decorated with flowers, artificial and natural, by the devotion of the faithful. The town is noted for its historical school of painting, which of late years has grown into favor among artists and connoisseurs. I only had time to visit one collection, a Norwegian's, mostly descriptive of his own wild and beautiful land.

At 11 o'clock I took a seat in the third class for Harburg. The ride across Hanover was not of a great deal of interest. It is level, with the exception of a few miles, and I saw but one or two old castles, gray with age and beautiful in their ruins. The railroad station-houses are very beautiful. The light of day comes down upon marble pavements through windows of stained glass, as lovely as the temples of Mammon, as in old Cathedrals. I reached Harburg at six o'clock the next morning and crossed the river to Hamburg. I stayed here two nights, one more than I intended to do. I had a pleasant time with the American Consul, Mr. Samuel Bromberg, and his son. But I started the morning of the second day after my arrival for the seat of war between Denmark and its rebellious Duchies. I had, however, before leaving Hamburg, visited the home and grave of Klopstock, the Milton of Germany. Since the great battle and slaughter between the armies, the forces of the Duchies have

retired into Holstein, behind the Eider. I walked about the vast fortifications of the town of Rendsburg, and attempted to get through the lines into Schleswig on my way across Denmark to Copenhagen. Mr. Davis, Secretary of the Legation of the U. S., had kindly made me a bearer of dispatches, and my passport was made out as such. I showed this, but in spite of it and my indignant utterance of bad German, I was forced to go back or remain a great number of days before going through. Consequently I walked back to Lübeck, a town where the footprints of the Giant Past are everywhere to be seen. The same day I arrived I took the steamer for Copenhagen. By reason of the rumors of Cholera in Holstein, I was forced to undergo an imprisonment of five days in Quarantine, and that too within sight of the aim and end of my desires for the last two years—Copenhagen. However, I studied Danish and German, and upon the whole, the time was neither unpleasant nor without profit. I sent a note the day after my arrival to Mr. Forward, the American Minister, with the packages I had for him from Washington and London, and the next day he came down (we were only ten miles from the city) to see me. Then and there was reënacted, successfully, the renowned drama of "Pyramus and Thisbe," for we conversed for many minutes through a hole in the wall, lest I should infect him with the Cholera. At last, the doors of our Bas-

tille were thrown open, and on the 27th of August, two months to an hour from the time I last saw the coasts of America, I made my entrée into the City of Copenhagen. I stayed over night at the Phœnix Hotel, and in the morning called on Mr. Forward. He is a very kind man. You will remember him as a member of President Harrison's Cabinet. He is a New Churchman.

The city is a beautiful one—never had I imagined so lovely promenades. The public buildings are very fine, and the libraries are vast beyond the conception of Americans. The Royal Library contains four hundred and fifty thousand volumes; the University one hundred and fifty thousand more, and there are a score of others. A church tower which I visited a day or two ago is so large that horses and carriages can be driven up its broad ascent, and it was the daily drive of Peter the Great, when he visited this place. On the Exchange—a fine Flemish building—there is a spire curiously formed. Just above the building there are four dragons whose heads face the cardinal points, and whose tails twisted form the spire which rises high into the air. There are many fine palaces and castles, but I like best the palace-castle of Rosenburg, built by Inigo Jones, half Flemish, half Gothic, and surrounded by gardens. I shall commence my studies as soon as my trunk arrives. I shall have a writing desk both in the Royal and University Libraries,

and shall study with diligence and industry. I have the daily papers, which I read. The place to learn a language is among the people that speak it. I learned German with ten times the ease and rapidity after I reached the continent, that I ever could have done in America, and though I have been in Denmark but ten days, yet I can already make my wants known in the language of the country, and, with health, shall write it with tolerable facility a month hence. In view of my own experience thus far, I would seriously and earnestly advise every young man of 18 to go Europeward. His mind becomes crowded with new ideas and novel thoughts —he sees the working of other institutions and laws —he acquires the tongues of other and great nations—he becomes better acquainted with the mighty past, for he witnesses the homes and habitations of the dead Great—learns the circumstances by which they were surrounded, and the incentives to action and thought which they had—he knows, as a matter of fact, what he has before seen only through the misty light of dreams or the hardly less deceptive medium of other people's eyes. The world is the great university where you learn nature and men and God, as well as the less important book-derived knowledge of science and literature. It is the school, too, from which one only graduates at death.

LETTERS FROM SCANDINAVIA—NO. I

THE PLAINS OF HOLSTEIN—RENDSBURG AND THE ARMY—THE POSITION OF AFFAIRS—THINGS IN LÜBECK—VIEW FROM THE HILL OF SEGEBERG

Correspondence of the Tribune

Lübeck, Monday, Aug. 26, 1850

TO the Editors of The Tribune:

I left Altona on the twenty-second. The iron track ran through a land clad in the rich habiliments of harvest-time, and beautiful with scenes incident to the season. Women and girls were gathering the golden stores, for their husbands and brothers were on the banks of the Eider fighting for Fatherland's honor. They wore the romantic looking peasant costume familiar to Americans only on canvas and the stage. The red kirtles strikingly contrasted with the yellow corn, while the caps of the maidens and the hoods of the matrons were equally neat and tasteful. The fields were broad and the land level, and for a long distance I saw the grain moved by the wind in lengthened waves, and above it the heads of the fair laborers and the occasional gleam of the

sickle. Sometimes we crossed the highway, along which horses were dragging wagons heavy with the heaped-up corn, driven by little boys whose shoulders were yet too weak to bear the burden of the weighty musket—whose arms were yet too feeble to wield the sword.

Interrupting these scenes of harvest beauty were red-roofed villages—the homes of farmers—where, as the train stopped, men bowed by age or limping with wounds came from the snug brick dwellings and with feeble voices sent up a shout for Schleswig-Holstein, which was returned in lengthened huzzas by the strong-lunged volunteers in the cars. At length we passed beyond the region of the sickle into the land of the sword. There were no more picturesquely-clad maidens, but in their stead stout men with iron helmets and ponderous weapons of death—reapers in a field where images of God stand as thick as ripened grain, and are cut down with as much indifference. We reached Rendsburg. Since the slaughter of Idstedt and the consequent retreat to the limits of Holstein this has been the chief fortified town of the insurgents. It is a place of ten thousand people, built upon the two sides of the Eider, and strongly defended by huge bastions and vast ramparts upon which the quick tread and hurried glance of the sentinels and the long rows of cannon told with fearful certainty the nearness of foemen. I walked for many miles up the Eider,

past batteries and camp-grounds, until I saw the sun sink in the Baltic beyond meadows thickly filled with the white tents of the army.

The position of the two belligerent parties has remained the same since the retreat—the insurgents not daring to encounter again the superior strength and numbers of the opposing army, and the King-Duke hesitating to command the march of his Danish troops upon the soil of Germany. The fleet of Russia hovers upon the coast, conveying the wounded and captured to Copenhagen or bringing Russian orders of merit from Nicholas to the bravest of the Danish Soldiery. The conduct of Prussia in contracting the late Treaty of Amity has, to say the least, been ungenerous and disgraceful. After inciting the Duchies to rebellion and encouraging them by sympathy and aid, she has, at the decisive crisis of the dispute, shamefully deserted them. Her course proves what has been often surmised, that she made use of the relations existing between Denmark and Holstein as a vent for the restless patriotism of her own soil. But Prussian honor is appreciated rightly. Now, an emissary of the Berlin Cabinet who a quarter of a year ago would have been received with bonfires and expressions of joy by the Government of Holstein, has only so much courtesy shown him as will grant him a post-chaise by which to leave the Dukedom. The inhabitants of the Duchies have much strength of character

and will. Their natural Teutonic independence has been hardened into obstinacy by the harshness of their Northern climate. They are, in part, the descendants of those hardy Ditmarsians who successfully resisted the attacks of the warlike Danes for centuries, and only yielded when their habitations were destroyed, and one-half of their people slaughtered. The sons retain the characteristics of their fathers, and a great sacrifice of humanity upon the gory altar of contest will be required before the Northmen obtain a permanent foothold in the territory of Holstein.

The old city from which I write was once the chief town of that wonderful confederation—the Hanseatic League. The commercial monarchs of the middle ages sat in council and ruled the broad realm of trade, and those clear-sighted plans which in their development caused the commerce of the earth to center in the Baltic and Northern Seas, originated here. The proud and wealthy merchants embellished the place with the lavish munificence which characterized them, and to-day traces of its great Past are everywhere visible. They are seen in the dwellings of its old burghers, outwardly rich in the quaint beauty of Flemish architecture, and inwardly adorned with the glittering splendor of Flemish art; in the curiously carved doorways and arched passages which fill the streets and market-places—but

most of all in its vast and lofty churches of brick. They are paved with the graves of the dead, from whose memorial-stones the trace of generations has erased the long inscriptions and heavy armorial bearings. The walls labor under their burdens of bronze and marble, perpetuating names great in the history of the Hanse people. Multitudes of statues stand in wonderfully built niches, some representing saints and others celebrated merchants—mingled adoration of God and Plutus. The dust-covered banners of the free cities hang from the arched ceiling, and the portraits of men who have borne or honored them adorn the columns of the chancel. As I walked through the brass-decorated aisles of the double-towered cathedral, the members of an infant school in the nave, surrounded everywhere by mural monuments of the dead, were repeating the catechism—forcibly reminding one of the two extremes of material existence, and the shrill tones of childhood rang through the long corridor in harsh dissonance with the deep, solemn voices which were perpetually uttered by the hollow sepulchres.

Something of the ambitious energy which built the great League, ages ago, has yet a home among the people of Lübeck. By the aid of that powerful revolution-worker, steam, they are striving to bestow again on their city a portion of the commercial importance it once possessed. Two or three railroads

are in progress; one running through the wheat fields of Holstein to Hamburg, and another to the mouth of her own river—the Trave.

Yesterday I visited the small town of Segeberg, which lies in the heart of Holstein, from the center whereof rises a mountain of five or six hundred feet in height, circular and of small circumference. Around it, broad and wide the plain stretches to the blue of heaven, as flat and level as the surface of the map that paints it. I ascended the foot-wearying path that leads up its steep side. Toward sunset were two little lakes, upon which the golden sunset came down as quietly and warm as kindness on the heart of man. To the eastward were the tall spires of half a dozen churches, which looked dark, sad and somber as the light of day was leaving them. Beside the lakes, the spires and the roofs of the village beneath, there were only broad and extended fields for many long miles. Nothing but the greatness of ocean has ever given me the idea and emotion of the sublimity of extended space which I knew and felt as I stood on the summit of the mountain. I stayed there until the pall of night was thrown on the vast landscape, and saw the stars come silently out of their mysterious recesses and look smilingly and cheerfully earthward.

To-morrow evening I shall be in Copenhagen, from which my next letter will be dated.

LETTERS FROM SCANDINAVIA—NO. II

Correspondent of the Tribune

Copenhagen, Monday, Sept. 9, 1850

AFTER five days of quarantine—imprisonment in a little white house, with black bread, fresh milk and the daily papers—I walked into Copenhagen from the south. To one who has dreamed, read and thought much and curiously of old towns with strong gateways and thick lofty walls—with narrow streets and broad market-places, where rise gray houses built with medieval architecture—the sight of them, as things of fact, is warmly welcomed. Passing the bridge which connects Christianshavn with the city proper—the island of Amager with Zealand—I came directly upon the Exchange with its impressive Flemish front and remarkable tower. The latter is four dragons wrought of lead, whose heads look to the cardinal points, and whose tails, twisted together, rise high in air and form the spire. Tradition says that Christian IV brought this away from Calmar as a trophy of his conquest and a token of his sovereignty of that town. A broad canal flows before the building, bearing tall-masted India-

men as well as tiny fishing-smacks upon its surface. Beyond it is the vast palace of Christiansburg, begun in the later years of the last century and in the interior hardly completed yet. On this spot, ages ago, when Roskilde was the national seat and Copenhagen only the house of a score of fishermen, the learned and powerful Archbishop Absalon of Lund erected a strong castle, as a defense of the coast against the celebrated and warlike corsairs of Jomsburg. Thence dates Copenhagen its origin.

In a sort of wing attached to the new palace is the Royal Library, a book-pile of almost half a million volumes. The grand hall is even more magnificent than the immense room of the British Museum, and is lined many-fold with the lore of ages. One apartment contains in a huge pile of boards and paper all that Danish pens have written or Danish presses printed. The contents of another were all published before 1550. To so great a stature had the genius of the Press attained within a hundred years from its birth. Here is preserved a copy of the Mazarin Bible—Gutenberg's first publication. And also another Bible—that of the zealous Eliot, "Printed at Cambridge in the Province of Massachusetts Bay," as the title page sets forth. In its day there were no Indian Chiefs delivering speeches at Frankfort Conventions, and waving the calumet of peace over crowds of applauding and wondering palefaces. The inkstands in the study-room were

dry, and the desks unused and dusty. The students had gone, I was told, to fight in Schleswig, as zealous and enthusiastic for the good fame of the Dannebrog[1] as Holsteiners for Fatherland.

A worthy shrine is this huge collection of books as the terminus of a pilgrimage. Stratford-upon-Avon is esteemed a great World-Mecca, but here is not only William Shakespeare, but a thousand others, not indeed in dry, inaccessible dust, but tangibly existent, uttering wonderful words and teaching instructive lessons.

The building of yellow cement, which stands on the other side of the palace, and which is so massively beautiful, is another sacred place—a shrine of art. It is the Museum of Thorwaldsen, which Copenhagen has built as an expression of its citizens' regard and love for the man who so honored Denmark and art by his works. The architect has made it quadrangular, and in the great court-yard lies the clay of Thorwaldsen.

"Dead he is not, but departed, for the artist never dies." From the open doors and window-embrasures, the beautiful developments of his genius look down upon the lily-planted grave, and one could hardly imagine a more appropriate place for the burial of an artist than among his works. His body has at last become a thing more dead than they. The outer walls of the edifice are covered with a representa-

[1] The Danish Flag.

tion, in a kind of Etruscan imitation, of the entrance and warm reception of the sculptor in the city of his birth, after a long absence in Italy. The polished walls and arched ceiling within, are adorned with all the wondrous fancies which art could invent, or the pencil apply, and between them, arranged on both sides of the great halls and lengthy corridors are the productions of the great master—some in marble, many only in clay or plaster.

The *Fore-hall* is filled with monumental figures—Pius VII—Copernicus, his brow heavy with the weight and care of thought—the elegant head and form of the outcast Childe Harold—Gutenberg, who stands with a graceful dignity and an air of well-befitting pride, as if he were looking into a revealed future, and saw therein the activity and dominion of the power he had given to thought,—and many more, such as huge equestrian figures and the like. The great group of statues—"John the Baptist Preaching in the Wilderness," fills up one corridor and in another are half-a-hundred busts of as many genius-gifted contemporaries of the artist. A score or more of halls are crowded with imaged deities and demi-gods—the heroes of pagan myths—almost majestic and beautiful enough to sway men even in marble. Among them is a "Ganymede and the Eagle of Jove," of exquisite outline and shape, which has been bought by Edward Bech, Esq., of New York, whither it is

soon to be conveyed. The young cupbearer is kneeling, and with one hand presents the goblet to the bill of the bird, while the other grasps the vase from which the nectar has just been poured. The contour of the eagle is very striking and exact. The same gentleman who is the fortunate owner of the above work in marble has also purchased an Italian-made cast of Thorwaldsen's greatest and most celebrated production—"Christ and the Apostles"—thirteen large figures upon separate pedestals. St. Paul has been substituted in the place of Judas. The features of St. John, who is writing the apocalyptic chapters upon a tablet, seems animated by celestial thought—enlivened by celestial light. More than a decade of labor was bestowed upon the marble originals, which were a gift of the artist to the Fruekirke [2] in this city.

The rooms above are of equal beauty and extent, and contain, beside bas-reliefs and statuary, the very large and complete collection of antiques made by Thorwaldsen, and his gallery of paintings, mostly by artists of his time and acquaintance. The cases of ancient gems and signet rings are almost unrivalled, and the impressions of them inimitable. In a suite of rooms the admirers of the sculptor have collected for preservation the furniture and household goods from his residence, and arranged them

[2] *Vor Fruekirke,* "Our Lady's Church."

as they stood in his home. Rarely does it happen that a man sees and receives so much of honor during his lifetime.

About the year one thousand, as is well known, the continent of America was discovered by the hardy and adventurous Northmen, and a temporary settlement effected in the neighborhood of Narragansett Bay. Then and there a boy was born, who was the first of the Caucasian race whose eyes had opened upon the light of day among the forests of the new world on the West. This child afterward married and settled in Iceland, and from him Thorwaldsen was lineally descended. So the great sculptor was of Yankee blood. Our worthy sharp-faced and sharp-minded Down-Easters are proverbial for their love of carving and cutting, and thus his taste for the chisel may be easily and satisfactorily accounted for, by the doctrine of the hereditary transmission of character.[3]

Bertel, or, as we of English speech say, Albert Thorwaldsen, born in 1770 at Copenhagen, of an extremely poor family, was by chance, when a child, sent to the school attached to the Royal Academy of Art, for the reason that the instruction there cost nothing (how many more would be *great* if learning were free everywhere), and there won successively the academy's four medals of honor. Thereafter, by the

[3] Mr. Fiske afterwards abandoned this theory of a Norse settlement in New England.

kindness of a Danish noble, he was enabled to go to that University of Art—Italy. When he returned from there a score of years after, he was no longer the unnamed son of a poor Icelandic carver in wood, but a man of well-earned wealth and fame. He died in 1844.

Concerning the subject of discourse here—the Holstein difficulty—nothing of importance is of late reported. Occasional skirmishes take place, sometimes on land, sometimes on water, in most of which the Danes are successful. Complaints of lukewarmness in action among the German people reach here from German sources, and attempts are making by Dr. Grimm and others of Berlin, to rouse the national sympathy and to make it more permanent and productive of the needed aid.

Elihu Burritt, in company with Joseph Sturge of Birmingham, and another English gentleman, are here, attempting to negotiate a treaty of peace. I will write soon of their attempts and of their success.

LETTERS FROM SCANDINAVIA—NO. III

Copenhagen, Saturday, October 12, 1850

TO the Editor of The Tribune:

There is much about this Scandinavian race of men, which to one either contemplating them from a distant point of view, or living and working among them, is full of interest and productive of thought. Their chief characteristic as it seems to me, is a calm, patient, enduring energy, which is wholly unlike the fiery, unsteady enthusiasm of the south. This latter develops itself in holy wars and fanatical crusades, in burning poetry and abortive revolutions, and resembles the coals of a forge, which at one moment glow with a startling brilliance and fervor, and at the next are a heap of dead, useless cinders.

Within the last fifty years much has been done towards developing the Norse character in a more peaceful and useful direction. The polar nations had been engaged in a long series of wars, which extended almost uninterruptedly from the days of the Vikings to the beginning of the present century. As pagan, papal, and protestant, they had been actuated by the same warlike and war-loving spirit,

which was only different by circumstances, in the case of Rolf in France, Knut in England, and Gustavus Adolphus in Germany. By conquest they had acquired a vast territory which once stretched from the city of the Czars along both sides of the Baltic and across the North sea to the Atlantic coast of Ireland. Almost all of this had been torn from them by treaties and otherwise, until at length they found themselves none the better for all the blood that had been shed, all the manly strength that had been wasted. Since which they have wisely labored in another field and reaped a better, richer harvest.

The Scandinavians are a domestic people. The warmth that is wanting in the air they breathe seems to have been transferred to their hearts. The length of the winter and of the winter nights by their coldness confines them to their homes, and knits close the ties of family affection and trust; and if in our comparatively mild winter the faces of kindred and the kindly fireside are so gladly appreciated and enjoyed, how welcome to the Norwegian during the almost sunless season of snow and ice, during the long, dreary evenings of winter, must be the light and warmth of friends and home. The fruits of this home-love are visible in all their actions and customs. There are, unlike Anglo-Saxon lands, no noisy, crowded tap-rooms, no peasant-filled inns. The village post-house contains but a single reception-room, whose order and quiet are only disturbed

by the casual arrival of some wayfarer, or the daily advent of the mail-coach travellers. No knot of red-faced villagers in the evening makes its brightly-painted walls echo with the sounds of ribald songs or the noisy cant of political discussion, or blackens its white ceiling by clouds of smoke. Domestic affection, too, is the key which unlocks all the heart's sympathies—charity and neighborly love are its direct offspring and consequence. It is productive of an open-hearted hospitality and simple courtesy which appear to me as two of the most beautiful characteristics of the northern social life. Openness of heart and true politeness cannot be expressed so well and truly by any other mode of speech as in the language of salutations. In the North this language is indeed known by *heart*, and is of frequent utterance and in daily use. Go out of a market-town on some fair day, and you will meet crowds of peasantry, some laden with the products of their farms and handiwork, others going empty-handed to return burdened, each of whom greets you with a kind good morning and an uncovered head. The watchman whom you pass in the streets at night, the sentinels who stand at the public doors and city gates, salute you with the same kindness and courtesy. The opening buds and green freshness of spring, after a slowly-dragging polar winter, are not more grateful to the eye than this national trait to the heart.

This bracing climate makes stout, hardy frames. In correspondence therewith the inner man should be as vigorous; and we should expect that in combination with their native energy these healthy minds should labor effectively and produce wares worthy of the workman; and so it is. Just now the men of the North are making researches and the taste is directing itself in an antiquarian direction. This is natural and as it should be. Treasures of incalculable value and worth lie hoarded in the North; swords that will sever many a Gordian knot in the traditionary history of Europe; lamps that shall throw a light on the dark corners of the Past; keys that will unlock not a few of the now bolted doors of historical causes. All these are heaped up and by diligent search to be found in the old Sagas —those quaint descriptions of manners and narratives of deeds. Toward these the scholars of Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Iceland have of late looked. What a curious treasure-trove already! An ante-Columbian discovery and Colonization of New England! This striking illustration of the character and maritime daring of the Norsemen is now become an historical truth. European feet had trod the rock of Plymouth before the days of the pilgrims, and the ancestors of Philip had gazed on the forms of the pale-faces long before the birth of the chief of the Narragansetts.

The account of the American welcome of Jenny

Lind comes across the water and is copied at length in the papers of the Northern capitals. American taste rises in the scale of their esteem, as your enthusiasm for the fair singer increases. No one speaks of her here, but in praise of her tones and heart. Can the music of her voice be more beautiful than the lovely harmony of her deeds?

Subscriptions for the relief of the sufferers by the bombardment of Friedrichstadt have been opened in all the Danish cities, and money is rapidly pouring in. The King, who gives liberally for almost every object, headed the list in Copenhagen with two thousand dollars.

Frederick the Seventh has returned from his tour in Jutland and Schleswig. He was received everywhere after the manner of such things by bonfires and illuminations. However, his present Majesty has done much to deserve the respect of his subjects. He has given them a Constitution, to which he has faithfully and honestly adhered. He is a man without any ambition, and has oftentimes declared his readiness to abdicate. Sunday last was his birth-day, and a large delegation from every county in the Kingdom presented on the part of the citizens and peasantry their congratulations, and their thanks for his earnest protection of the constitution. The monarch's reply was as follows, which is a word for word translation from the original:

"You know how happy a father feels among his

children, so do I rejoice to see you around me. You and I know that the nation's love is my strength. Go home to your employments, greet all there from me—your acquaintances and friends, your wives and children, and bear them these words of your King—I first trust in God, then in my people's love."

His Majesty avoids always that royal prerogative, the use of the first person plural—this is one of his democratic ideas.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE SYRACUSE STAR

Copenhagen, Dec. 30, 1850

I recollect how, with the wonder of boyhood, I read about the pilgrimages which mediaeval men performed—how I gazed at them in the broad valley of the Past from the hill of the Present, until I acquired *half a reverence* and an *entire love* for them and their deeds. I remember how I often used to wonder why men in these days did not do as old Palmers did, and go in search of truth, faith or hope, with an undivided love and with untiring labor. It could not be for lack of shrines. The vast developments of Nature—the mighty works of Art—the chronicles of the Past, which are written all over the earth in letters of stone, in ruined cities and the remains of dead races—the graves of the great, and more than all, their mental burial places in huge book collections—all these, and many more, are well fitted to be the terminations to long and earnest pilgrim journeys. So thought I often until at length I set out. My path, like that of the old wayfarers, was to be the "*Outre Mer*," and I had supposed that, like them, I should find on the way if not an infidel

people and predatory barons, at least objects as difficult to encounter and overcome. But I started, as I hope, actuated by an earnest desire to learn, not merely the things written in books, for this is the knowledge of others, but men, nature, life—something which would be mine by right of first discovery or priority of use. You know how I came here—what kindness I experienced from persons on both sides the water, and how at length I reached Copenhagen, and found myself in the glorious North, the aim of hopes and goal of earnest efforts. More than ever, now I am here, do I love this Northern land—more than ever do I love to study, and learn *in* it and *of* it. But about the *thus far* effects of my long pilgrim faring. How much have I not already learned—how much have I not treasured up! Dreams have become facts—fancies have been changed to real developments—and to-day I feel that I am more of a human being—more *alive* than before I left home. I have become acquainted, as one may say, with old things, the records of History, which Time, regardful of us, has flown by and left standing—and how much we need (we Americans, I mean, who dwell in a world of action, not of history) such knowledge as this. More than we think, Westminster Abbey and Avon influence us. Oftener than we deem possible we are influenced by the words and wills of the men buried there—and perhaps, did we know the objects that acted upon them in life, did we know the things

they knew, their advice and their wisdom might influence us differently.

I have become somewhat familiar with the life and affairs of other nations, and when I read again of German battles, of Northern manners, and of foreign occurrences, shall know better how to regard and judge them. I believe the Icelandic motto, "homely is the home abider," as in a measure truthful. Men who come from America to Europe are all Colons; a new world is open to them—a new life spreads itself before them. I cannot but feel glad and proud in saying that I have tasted and experienced this new life—have seen this new world.

I told you, when I wrote last, of a small part of Copenhagen. Listen now while I generalize it. It was a bright October morning, the most beautiful of its kindred autumn days, that I walked through a street of palaces, and came out upon the Esplanade, a broad tree-planted place, which surrounds one-half of Copenhagen's vast citadel, as the waters of the harbor do the other moiety. A keen breeze blew inland, which made itself felt and seen in the cheeks of the wayfarer and the shaking of the trees; but the bright, warm sunshine came so cheeringly down, that the breeze and its biting breath were unfelt or unheeded. One could plainly see that it was the Californian season of the year. Sun and frost, those antagonistic spirits, had combined to make it so. The fading leaves, the withered grass, the

sere plants, were all gilded by one of these subtle agents. The tall, stately reeds and rushes which lined the banks of the canal lying between me and the walls of the Citadel had also caught the infectious yellow fever of the season. Everything was golden.

Passing along the canal, or fosse, I walked on towards the "Lange Linie," as the Danes call it, or the "long line" of earth which separates the fosse of the fortress from the sea. I continued my way along this, sometimes looking up to the walls of the huge fortress on my left hand, upon which the great oaks were shaking off the heavy coats of leaves which they had borne during the laborious summer, and lightening themselves for the repose of the winter—sometimes gazing off upon the surface of the quiet Sound where Nelson's ships lay on the 2d April, 1801, the "Danish day," as it is called here, and received and gave such deadly fire, making a smoke more horrible than that beautiful cloud of mist which is rising yonder, just disclosing the bluff shores of Sweden. This long passage was covered with people, for it forms the "Battery" of Copenhagen. Servants with children were crowding along, laughing and crying, moping and shouting; friends were talking to each other about the glorious days when this Sound had witnessed different sights, and had borne upon its surface ships more fearful than the peaceful traders which float upon it now; students were rushing

hurriedly along (as they always do), talking about the next examination, (which are rather more formidable than such things in America), or singing a verse of the last ballad of Andersen—the beautiful writer Andersen. A half a mile from the shore is the horrid staring "Battery of the Three Crowns," so celebrated from the harm it did to Nelson's flagship. At length we (we, editorially said, for I was alone) reached the outer and farther angle of the fortress, called the Prince's Bastion, and hear how finely echoes from the band upon it the national air of Denmark—the old song of King Christian, which Longfellow has so finely translated, and the stirring music of Weyse, the Mozart of Denmark. At length come we to the northern gate of the fortress. I peeped in at the open passage, and saw a half dozen streets and a public square, all within the fortress walls. This citadel was designed by a Dutchman in the days when Flemish art painted pictures for the Louvre, and Flemish architecture built Guidhalls in London, and was erected by that Monarch which the ballad above mentioned makes renowned. Back of the square rises a church whose spire looks down upon this city of war, this town of soldiers. I went quite around the fort, and mounted the ramparts which encircle the city on the land side. Outside of this is a deep, broad fosse; but upon these walls planted with trees, and laid out in walks, are the most beautiful promenades I ever saw. Upon the

one hand, one looks off upon a sunny land of groves and farms, and on the other into the grey old city. The remarkable round Tower, the spire of our Saviour's Church, the solid walls of the Christianborg Castle, present a curious contrast to the dark waters of the Canal—the vast groves and wide fields which stretched far away westward, westward—how magical the utterance, for I see dreamily before me a time when I shall go with the "march of Empire" towards the setting sun. But I hope long before then to be a better and a wiser man. I reached at last the western gate, and stood and watched the long trains of peasants and citizens that crossed the drawbridge, and passed through the long arched gateway. Outside the ditch, a few rods from the gate, I saw the tall "Column of Liberty," a very beautiful and impressive obelisk raised to perpetuate the emancipation of the peasantry of Denmark by the efforts of Bernsdorff and Frederick VI. At the left of it is the beautiful Tivoli, the Vauxhall, the Hoboken of Copenhagen, so beautiful in summer houses, in Russian mountains, in rustic theatres and groves. Beyond is the graceful depot, where daily the iron horse drags the long trains to Roskilde, the ancient capital of the Danes—where I hope to go in the glowing *sometime*, perhaps after I return from Iceland, where I think I shall stay a year—a summer and a winter.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE STAR

Old World, Jan. 18, 1851

LET me give you a general though brief account of Europe as it is to-day. My knowledge is gleaned partly from the press, that mirror of the present, partly from personal sight and sense. The English have a custom of discussing with a free criticism the affairs of their neighbors, of weighing their political relations according to their standards, and of judging from their own peculiar views of right and wrong. This prevails not alone among gossips and in the columns of newspapers but has reached the government itself. Here the usage is not confined to talking but extends to acts. For this reason no political change occurs but what the British Government controls either directly or otherwise. In treaties, British legates are the umpires. In councils, British agents are the presiding officers. If a political rupture occurs, British physicians are called in to heal it, and whether it be in settling the quarrels of two kingdoms, or in causing them, in conclusions of peace or in declarations of war, Lord Palmerston is sure to be part of the affair. But for the moment something at home has interrupted

their avocation, and turned their eyes and tongues from the policy of Russia, the politics of Germany and the prospects of Italy, to themselves. There was no question of Whig or Tory ascendancy, of Free Trade or Protection, of Irish repeal or of a Corn Law. The British nation woke up one morning, astounded by the intelligence that a papal hierarchy had been established over their heads—that the priestly power which Wiclif had denounced and Henry VIII abolished, had once more reared its head in its former stronghold—that a successor to Cardinal Wolsey was even then on his way to Protestant England. A general ire was excited everywhere. All England foamed like a huge mug of porter. Public meetings were called where grave Prelates and sober Judges forgot the dignity of the pulpit and the bench in ranting tirades against the Pope and the new Cardinal. These would have come with a better grace, had they not issued from men who twenty hours before had been strong advocates of Puseyism, urging the rights and rules of the church, the ecclesiastical sovereignty, with a tenacity and a stubbornness only equalled by the strength of their imprecations against the Romish organization. Much of the excitement has subsided, and it is difficult to say whether Parliament will take notice of it. At any rate, the danger was not esteemed by the sovereign, or rather the ministry, to be extreme, as Parliament has been prorogued till February. In

Ireland attempts are being made to ameliorate the sad condition of the country, by selling a few of the thousands of heavily incumbered estates which cover that unfortunate island. The investigations of the commissions appointed to superintend the sales show a curious state of property relations. Estates which furnish rentals to the amount of five hundred pounds have liabilities to the amount of thirty thousand—mortgages upon land to ten times its value. A royal or parliamentary commission is engaged in investigating the state of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, with a view to ascertaining their adaptation to the wants of the times. Though they have thus far developed many enormities and abuses, I cannot say that much reform in them can be expected. A national church is not wont to provide in its schools for the necessities of the age, and much less can we expect it from a hierarchy in this day, when one characteristic idea of the times is the abolishment of all ecclesiastical governments, the overturning of what impedes the mind and confines thought.

In France everything stands as it has done since the days of the sixteenth Louis—doubtful. A monarchy of legitimacy, a monarchy of expediency, a reign of terror, an empire, or a socialist republic, might any of them be the dominant form of government in the city of the Seine to-morrow, and no man would be so foolish as to express surprise. But

to-day a despotic democracy is the order. The Press is shackled and its conductors heavily fined or unceremoniously imprisoned; imaginary conspirators are incarcerated or killed, men are disfranchised by the individuals whom they elected, and all done under the hand and seal of freedom. How long this will be suffered will only be known by the revelation of the future. A ministerial crisis, as it is styled, has just occurred, and several changes been made in the Cabinet.

Simultaneously with this, Gen. Changarnier, the chief of the opposition, has been removed from the important post he held in the army, by the President of the Republic.

How shall I describe the affairs of Germany? This country, noble in learning, and rich in the fruits of knowledge, but whose political intricacies and entanglements have become a proverb, is yet worthy of her past fame. In the various moves which are made on this curious chess-board, Austria and Prussia are the two most important pieces, and back of them, now supporting the one, then the other, as her own interests dictate, comes absolute Russia—not only absolute among Cossacks but just now also in most of the European Cabinets.

Francis Joseph of Austria, and Frederick William of Prussia are now, in conjunction with all the smaller fry of the great dish, endeavoring to compound differences at Dresden. Both profess an un-

bounded love for the Fatherland, and both desire to arrange its affairs. They have just resolved to deliberate with closed doors. It is probable that some kind of a central organization will be patched up, especially if it is true, as rumored, that an interview between the monarchs of Prussia, Austria and Russia is to take place soon at Dresden. But whether they will make anything more substantial than the shadowy thing which the poor Archduke John represented two years since, is doubtful. We must wait and hope.

But the most important news for the time is the conclusion of peace between Denmark and Holstein. The thing is so late that only the fact itself is known, and we are in ignorance of the details. It is surmised by the journals of Copenhagen, that the basis of the treaty will be the entire separation of the Duchy from the kingdom. This is supposed to be true, from the fact that Count Sponneck, a member of the National Danish Party, whose motto is "Denmark to the Eider," has been sent to Dresden. He, it is said, has always been opposed to the policy of Christian VIII, of incorporating Holstein with Denmark. But, however settled, the peace itself is good news for humanity.

In Italy, the only spot of brightness or hope upon which we can fix our eye is Sardinia. A difficulty some time since occurred between the Government and the Papal See which has not been, as yet, healed.

The Sardinian powers are evidently earnest in their protests against the extraordinary exercise of authority to which the See of Rome has been so long accustomed. The monarch, the houses of legislature, the people, and in part the clergy, are united in this opposition, and much good may issue from their union. Of late, one or two more liberal measures have passed the parliament, and a new and better spirit appears to be dawning in north-western Italy. Lombardy is yet crushed under the hopeless despotism of Austria, and Naples is where she has been almost ever since the Sicilian Vespers. Pope Pius still maintains a precarious sway in Rome with the aid of French bayonets. The Cabinet of Paris has ordered a steamer to cruise along the coast, to prevent any invasion on the part of the exiled patriots, with a view to another revolution in central Italy. In Tuscany an arbitrary government continues to rule, prohibiting presses and books. How unworthy the seat of fair Florence! How unworthy the home of the Medici! How unworthy the soil that is watered by the Arno! But I am too long. I will write next week.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE STAR

Old World, Jan. 31, 1851

IN Sweden, an important step has just been taken, but unhappily in the wrong direction. For some generations the government of that nation has included, besides the kingly or executive power, a legislative, or more properly, a deliberative body, which is awkwardly divided into four houses—that of the Nobles, of the Prelates, of the Burghers and of the Peasants. It is easy to be perceived that this method is no more adapted to the wants and ideas of the times, than it is to the dispatch of business. By many this had long been thought a grievous evil, and at length, at the opening of the last session about a month since, an offer was made on the part of the throne to change this and establish the legislative system on a new basis. Our notions of the enlightenment and wise discrimination of the age, as well as our high idea of the Swedish character and prudence, would lead us to suppose that no sooner was this remedy of an old abuse proffered, than it would have been seized upon by the people. But such was not the case. After a few days' debate, the Estates resolved *not* to accept the royal

offer, and Sweden will continue to be governed by the unwieldy machinery of four houses, and to be oppressed by an unjust system of representation.

I have not studied the transaction nor followed with marked attention the debates, but I think that the causes of the unfortunate issue, can be seen on the one hand in the jealousy of the regal power which has always been felt and manifested by the aristocracy and prelacy, and on the other, in the dislike of the lower classes for the higher orders. But many have feared that a change in the form of legislating would tend to diminish their respective influence in the State, and both, thus jealous, have voted alike. It may be that this inference is erroneous, and I wish it to be considered as the hasty conclusion of a looker-on, who has been otherwise engaged than in watching very closely the inexplicable changes which often occur in the forms, the ideas and the policy of European government, and I may state once for all, that whatever of political interest these letters may contain, will be the result of the neighborhood of the writer to the scenes or incidents he narrates, rather than of a studied investigation of the springs of action or the motives of politicians.

In Norway, matters go on as they always have done since the permanent Union with Sweden. As I look at it, this poor land of Norway is more blessed with the riches of freedom than any other

of the nations which compose the unhappy political cyclus of this continent. From this sweeping assertion I can hardly exclude little Switzerland, weak as she is, and continually exposed to French or German influence. Both houses of the legislature are composed of peasants, or, as they might be more properly styled, farmers from the Norwegian valleys. Accustomed to an independent private life, the citizen of Norway is not disposed to be dependent in his public career,—not having become used, like the same class in other lands, to the hard rule of extensive land-proprietors or oppression of a title-bearing caste, the farmer comes to Christiania little disposed to brook the exercise of legal authority, beyond the narrowly restricted limits of its proper jurisdiction. He shows the same spirit in the Senate which he feels upon the rough mountain-sides of the snowy Fjall, and breathes as free under the shadow of the throne, as beneath the shade of the pine, at home. The peculiar privilege of making laws in opposition even to the veto of the King, which has been more than once exercised—the narrow expense of the government and consequent freedom from heavy taxation—the sound but firm minds of the peasant-legislators, have all contributed to make the condition of Norway, in a political point of view, happy and free.

But with what words shall I speak of Russia? What phraseology can I employ to describe the con-

dition and prospects of that huge empire which comprises half of two quarters of the globe? It is always difficult to paint objects in motion; it would require the quick eye and practiced hand of a genius and a master, to transfer to the canvas the image of a flock of birds, or a herd of wild cattle who move rapidly about in the air, or upon the earth, now presenting this side to the view, now that, and sometimes vanishing altogether.

Just as difficult as it is to depict the political aspect of an absolute government, which, without fixed law or regulated policy, at one time pursues this course, and at another, the opposite, as the caprice, ambition, vanity, or wish of a single individual, may move it. Such undeniably, is Russia. The word of Nicholas is the law of the land—not the empire of Alexander—not the military dictatorship of Rome—not the stern rule of Francia—has shown us a more entirely independent unity than this Russian monarchy.

Nor does Nicholas reign only over the deserts of Siberia, the plains of Russia, the valleys of vanquished Poland and conquered Finland, but the broad empire extends from Kamchatka far westward to the Rhine. All Germany, Upper and Lower, Catholic and Protestant, is only a province of the realm of this monarch of the Cossacks. German soil which has been so often sealed with blood from patriot veins—the same soil which received the body of old

Hermann, and other heroes, has become Cossack ground. As much is known in America of the internal affairs of Russia, as in Prussia or France. All over Europe the most diverse opinions prevail touching this subject. Mr. Cobden regards it as almost bankrupt, but yet the Czar manages to obtain loans, and I suppose, pays annually the interest thereof.

A rumor prevails to-day that it is a *custom* (not a law, for where is the code of constitution of Russia?) that no Emperor shall fill the throne longer than a quarter of a century. Therefore, argues fame: Nicholas will either make his way sometime this year to some castle, as the home of his sceptreless old age, or quietly experience the unpleasant fate of Paul. But again it is denied that any such custom prevails, and that it has only happened that no Czar has reigned more than twenty-five years. We shall without doubt know the truth or falsehood of the story at the end of the year, as we know most Russian acts after their accomplishment. The last thing said about this missionary of absolutism, is that in connection with the sovereigns of Prussia, Austria and the other Germanic kingdoms, he is to hold a congress of monarchs at Dresden. But this too is denied. Should it take place, however, it can only be a repetition of the so often acted fable of the lion and other animals. Will not the world become fatigued at its repeated representa-

tions at last, and drive it from the stage, to give place to some better piece by a better author, and supported by more worthy actors? But hardly will we see again a Roscius better suited to his part than this actor of St. Petersburg, or a piece more suited to the ability and capacity of the corps which sustain it, than the play whose scene comprises the vast region of Eastern Europe, and whose dramatis personæ are, unlike the common course of theatrical matters, *real* Emperors and *live* Kings.

To-day has come to us the news of the diplomatic threats made to the United States by the Chargé d'Affaires of rotten Austria. Everybody laughs and wishes a war. A friend who has written warmly and feelingly about Hungary, said to me, "Let Mr. Fillmore send General Scott, and a couple of frigates to Trieste or Venice, and revenge the butchered victims of Haynau." Could I ever be brought to favor that horrid thing war, it would be in this case. Could we restore happiness and prosperity to crushed Lombardy, or freedom to the oppressed Magyars, it would be a deed worth everything else but the blood of our fellow-men.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

Old World, Feb. 20

A FEW thoughts, descriptive and reflective, on European society, may not be uninteresting to our readers; and although my incompetency to judge on such a question might be pleaded against me, yet I may urge in return, that I occupy a nearer point of view than many wiser than I, and that what I want in a theoretical knowledge of the subject will be supplied by a practical one. The basis upon which human economies in our country are built, though by no means a sound or safe one, has this advantage over the foundations of the social organizations of the old hemisphere, that it has been raised and can be altered or removed at the will of the people, the majority of those whose happiness is influenced by it. Far otherwise is it here. These nations are not governed by the ideas and wants of the present, but by those of past generations. It is not the widely developed thoughts, the earnest reforms of the 19th century which govern Europe to-day, but the crude notions, the barbarous ideas and the uncivilized ignorance of the 12th. The people started with monarchy and have come at last

to absolutism as in Russia, or to as bad a despotism as in France, or finally to a medium fully as intolerable as in Germany—and yet these Lords of Europe have had centuries of experience, but in their old age are no wiser than in their youth. Why not? Chiefly because of their ignorance. I would not say that Germany does not contain Universities whose professors rival Erasmus and Thomas à Kempis in erudition, or that the Parisian doctors may not equal Æsculapius in medicinal knowledge, or her poets of to-day the lyrists of the past. I do not mean to say that every branch, or even every *twig* of science, has not its elucidator and devotee from the Neva to the Guadalquiver. The few who are born to coronets and carriages, the other few who by the industry, the genius, or the fortune of their minds have elevated themselves, may be and are wise and learned as the world goes, but the great class of workers—they for whom a form of government should be framed because they are the most numerous, are, as far as their rights and their duties are concerned, unhappily ignorant. These are they who should make the government and not the government them—who should be the ground work of political organizations, instead of those few who occupy the thrones of absolute empires or the council chambers of the so-called limited monarchies.

We have heard much in America of foreign systems of education—modes of teaching, bearing all

sorts of strange names, have been in vogue among us. Many tell us we should adopt this thing because Prussia uses it, or should introduce another for the reason that it has been tried in the French schools and found admirably adapted to the wants of youth, and to the neutral capacities of childhood. All these representations may be true. Every theory may have been practiced upon the Gallic and Teutonic infants, but for some reason they do not seem to improve or enlighten the people. They are still ignorant, though in many instances hardly accompanied by the happy set-off which, according to the poet, makes it folly to be wise. In England, which our Anglo-Saxon pride will acknowledge as the most favorable example which could be cited, more than one-third, I believe, can neither read nor write. I stopped one night as I was crossing England at a little Inn in Kenilworth, and went in the evening down to the tap-room and sat long in silence, using my eyes and ears in observing and hearing the group of villagers who sat with pipes and ale tankards before me. I saw and heard everything, I remember, with a hearty zest and enjoyment; it seemed to me so like a scene in a comedy or a page in a novel. But my presence at length awaked attention, and from an auditor I was necessarily changed to an actor. My home, my name, my business, were all asked of me and of course answered. The announcement that I was from America created much sur-

prise, and I was soberly told that I spoke English remarkably well, and when I told them that I had not been a week in England, their admiration for an American who had been so skillful to learn English before visiting Britain was boundless.

Such things as these I had often read in the tales of tourists, but regarded them as rather invented by the fancy then existing in fact. And, had I not myself been a witness to many more incidents like these, as well in England as on the continent, I could not have believed that, to-day, when nature and art combine to educate men, a race of people could have been found between the Orkneys and Malta so ignorant as are the lower classes of all Europe. How can we expect from such as these an amelioration of the existing form of society? What sort of a chance is there for the hands of the reformer? Every day I look upon the two worlds, I am more and more convinced that the United States will be the land where a more civilized mode of living than the barbarous one to which we are accustomed, must at last, by the aid of an enlightened press and a broad system of free education, be brought about.

Every one has felt the weight of the past, and how we cling to it. They who care nothing for to-day, recollect the pleasure of yesterday, magnified by distance and enlarged by absence, with a warmer feeling of regard and veneration. We love and celebrate the deeds of our fathers and our ancestry.

The youth looks back with fondness upon the innocent joys of childhood; but when he grows to manhood, unites in the same category the pleasures of youth; and when at last old age comes upon him, revives the happiness of former days, and tells of happy incidents of all the periods of his life. We act from the impulses which we feel to do as we have done before, or with a desire which moves us, to experience again the same bliss which we have once felt. In short, though our faces are set towards the future, our actions, our ideas are governed by the past. As with men, so with nations. Europe is filled with the corrupt institutions of other times. She does not look back upon years, but ages, and the superstitions, the customs, the ideas of centuries bind her down. They do and live now as their forefathers, long dead, used to do and live; it is with extreme difficulty that a new idea or a new thing can be adopted. How many proofs of this do we not remember? Were not the press and type invented in Germany, where now newspapers circulate by no means freely or uncensored? Do not Italy and Spain almost want railroads? And more recently, the magnetic telegraphs, which have been built in England and on the continent, are never like those of the United States, used by the common people. And a thousand minor luxuries which might be enjoyed, are yielded up by nations, who "will not be wiser than their fathers." Tyranny and oppression

have long swayed Europe through the night of darkness and during the dawn of light, and still at the noon of the day, tyranny and oppression are basely tolerated by a people too fond of the "glorious gone-by," to remove or abolish them. Very happy are we of the other world, because we have no past. The prayer that Dickens makes one of the heroes of a Christmas tale utter: "Lord, keep my memory green," will not do for nations. And so long as experience means doing as our forefathers, merely because they did it, I am no convert to the theory of national experience. Give me always the future, and bury the past. A nation should do right, if its former rulers did not.

Some matters of interest have occurred, politically, since I wrote you last. Parliament has met, and Lord John Russell has brought in a bill "to allay the general excitement" relative to the Papal question, of which I will tell you more hereafter.

In France, the Legislative Assembly has refused to grant what is called the Dotation, that is to grant Louis Napoleon nearly two millions of francs in addition to his salary. This, I and all republicans, must like. A new paper, styled Europe and America, has been commenced in Paris, to be devoted to the diffusion of American principles, and to a diffusion of a knowledge of America, among the people of the Old World. It is partly in French, and partly in English. At a time when there are

three thousand Americans in Germany, and fifteen hundred in Paris, and twice as many in England, it may, perhaps, be well that there should be an organ for them, a paper which should be to them what Galignani's Messenger in Paris has so long been to Englishmen on the continent.

In Denmark, peace has been at length (apparently) definitely concluded. The insurgent army has been disbanded, while the Danish troops have been for some days in bodies marching into Copenhagen to receive their dismission. The houses of that metropolis are covered with evergreens and banners, and the soldiers are so bedecked with flowers, that one of their poets (Andersen), says of them, "they seem like a wandering spring." The king of Prussia, like his ancestor, the great Frederick, has an ambition for literary display, but he has no Voltaire to laugh at his effusions. He has been writing bombastic letters to his officers, issuing fustian proclamations to the soldiery, and giving dinners, where he drinks toasts, whose pathos even that sublime class of literature has never exceeded. The Emperor of Austria is a beardless youth, and a man was imprisoned, doomed to many years, the other day, for giving to his picture an enormous appendage in the shape of whiskers, imperial and mustache complete. The indignity was too great not to be resented, and accordingly the man must be shut out from the bright sun and the fresh air for years.

On the coast of Italy, it is said that the French cruisers have captured a vessel with Portuguese colors, laden with munitions of war for the revolutionists of the Papal States. It is rumored also, that poor Pius IX is to abdicate. Peace and penitence be with him in his retirement.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

Old World, March 5, 1851

I WRITE, as you see, on the first day of this month of sudden changes and inconstant weather. I was about to congratulate myself at the bright sunshine which ushered in the cold lion-toothed March, when looking out of the window, I saw that the bright day had suddenly changed to a dark and gloomy one, and that the air which an hour before had made me fancy myself in Italy, instead of the North, had been filled with the dancing flakes of a beautiful snowstorm. I was admiring the quiet beauty and stillness with which the white snow stars sank down, when all at once the clouds which sent them were scattered, the warm sun came out again, and soon melted the thin mantle which the earth had received. I was in a meditative mood—a position in which I am too rarely placed—and I began to think how like this changeful, uncertain season of March is the political weather of Europe. But on the other hand it is very often dissimilar, for glimpses of blessed sunshine rarely light up the blasted lands which are so subjected to the precarious vicissitudes of tyranny. But absolutism, tyranny, des-

potism, autocracy, call it by what name you will, is cold, freezing, unsettled, and changeful as the worst of weather.

Your readers, living in a land which has no Past, but a great Present and a mightier Future, are wont to envy and admire the countries of Europe for their long history, their glorious foretime. They see their golden legends of brave heroes who have long been gathered to the garner of time, their wonderful poetry which the nations have accumulated in their course, as a rolling wheel gathers the soil upon its surface, and they wonder at lands whose people can look back upon centuries of mighty forefathers and long lives of glorious deeds. But, assenting to their judgment, I cannot at the same time help thanking God that America has no Past hanging like a mill-stone round its neck, bowing it to the earth—for the Past does not contain alone beautiful and instructive traditions, poetic legends and chivalrous narrations, but it is heavily burdened with horrid crimes, which an unfortunate generation of descendants are compelled to expiate, and strong chains whose links are old superstitious ceremonies and customs, which find the people of to-day in an unhappy bondage. But Americans who are the past-builders can take warning from the errors of Europe, and let not the present pass through their hands unfinished.

Everybody has heard of the Hanseatic League, which in the middle ages ruled the northern seas, and

before the days of Britain's oriental sway governed the trade of the Indies. They were the manufacturers and merchants of all Europe—the trade-kings which swayed the commerce of every nation. But with the rise of Holland and England, with the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope the power and wealth of the Hanse Towns passed away. Now, three or four free cities alone remain the relics of this mighty league. These are called Free Cities, and in looking at them one would think the name ironical. They are each governed by a Senate, whose head man is styled "Your Magnificence." The members of this legislative body elect themselves—that is, when one of their number dies, the others fill his place. A year and a half ago, Prussia quartered 4,000 soldiers in Hamburg in the name of the German Diet (to which the Free Cities, since the dissolution of the Hanseatic League, are attached), and very lately Austria, in the name of the same federative body, has sent 5,500 more to the same place. All these the burdened city has to maintain, besides its own soldiery of nearly 2,000 men. This is an example of the freedom which this city enjoys. Lübeck too has received an Austrian garrison, and their ancient town, which was once the chief city of a league of mercantile republics, which once deposed kings, is reduced to a mere tool of Austrian despotism.

I may be asked by many who have not followed

with a close eye the fitful vicissitudes of German politics, what an Austrian army has to do in Holstein. It will be remembered that in 1848, the volcanic year, a German unity was patched up at Frankfort, of which the Archduke John of Austria was the head under the somewhat empty title of Vicar. This shadowy oneness of power still maintains its existence in the old imperial city on the Main. But a year or more ago Prussia saw that her influence was lost in this confederation (this kingdom and Austria are playing at the game of tyranny above the heads of the people, and over the thrones of the thousand and one other powers which Germany contains), and so she half withdrew from this league and called a Congress of Princes at Berlin. Prussia had been charged with several important tasks to be executed by the diet, and rather chose to execute them after her own wishes than the commands of the "Unity." But after Prussia convoked the dukes and petty princes of Northern Germany in a Congress, as I have mentioned, the balance of power recurred to Austria.

The misty diet at Frankfort resolved to send an army to Holstein (which is a dukedom, forming a part of the Germanic confederation, of which Frederic VII of Denmark is duke), to effect a peace with Denmark by attacking the rebellious forces of the Duchy in the rear. Straightway Austria was charged with raising forces for this purpose. Regi-

ments of Italians, Poles, Croats, from the foreign provinces of the Empire were despatched to the North. Prussia too was to send a heavy body of troops. But when the twenty-five thousand Austrians reached Holstein, peace was already concluded. Of course these troops turned about, recrossed the Elbe, and were soon at home in mountainous Lombardy, sandy Croatia, and woody Galicia? By no means. The important ports were taken possession of, and the larger towns compelled to pay for their support. A very desirable thing for Austria, to have a heavy body of men at a point where she can attack Prussia from the North, always sure as she is of armies which can be led upon the Southern frontier. I told you a month ago that a congress was assembled at Dresden, trying to manufacture another central organization for poor Germany. The efforts are still in progress, and are misty, mazy, and mysterious, as Teutonic policy always is. One thing is resolved upon to-day and repealed to-morrow.

Arrangements are making all over this Continent for the great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, which opens in June at London. Your readers have seen the glowing accounts in the newspapers of the enormous building erected in Hyde Park, which is to contain the specimens of the ingenuity of every people. The idea of it is a sublime one, and one which the world in its earlier ages of war and

strife could never have entertained, much less executed. Every country of Europe has contributed samples of the skill of its artisans, and the manufacturers of Asia and Africa have not neglected to transmit specimens of their productions to the Crystal Palace. Americans who can (and who is there that has no family to maintain, that has strong limbs and a stout heart, who cannot?) will find it well worth a passage across the Atlantic to see it—and especially those who at the same moment can see for the first time the wonders of the motherland, would do well to come. A sight of these latter alone would make an epoch in the life of a hero.

LETTERS FROM THE NORTH OF EUROPE

Extracts from family letters, printed in the "Star" During 1852

HAVING filled so much of my letter with matters so closely personal, what shall I tell you of general interest to amuse you through the remainder of it? Having lived latterly within the walls (I was about to say of a house) of the city, I know of nothing which would interest you; but for the nonce we will take a little foot journey outside of the great turf and dirt walls of the town to one of the most pleasant places in the suburbs of Copenhagen. We start in the warm sunlight of a spring morning, after two or three days of warm mild weather have dried the gravel walks, swelled the budlets on the trees and bushes and filled the bursting mouths of the birds with one of the sweetest of nature's lyrics. Going out of the city, we pass under the long low arch of the western gate, and out upon the drawbridge. Here of course we stop to gaze back at the enormous strength of the city fortifications. Great walls which must have required an army of men to complete within the compass of a century—a broad double moat and the precaution

of other but lower walls beyond all, tell of the fighting times when these things were reared. Upon the main wall is a very broad carriage road and three or four wide footways under the most shady of trees, from which one looks down on the lofty houses of the city. In the angles are windmills, whose long arms swing to the blast with the most poetical of whizzing sounds. Such is the wall of Copenhagen. I, a tyro in old cities, had expected to see something more nearly resembling one of our frugal farmer's stone fences, than a greensided mass of earth like that upon which you and I are gazing this morning. But we have to pass another long drawbridge and at length we reach the broad road, each side having a broad alley of trees—so beautiful. We go slowly under the arch of trees where the wind that plays about the light green buds is chanting a prophecy of welcome shade in the hot summer time. As you and I, being in a strange land, are naturally observant, we shall not neglect to notice the beautiful Tivoli gardens on the left, which is a Hoboken and a Niblo's united, and where, every evening, crowds from the city, in the summer months, are to be found listening to fine music, hearing laughable comedies, or walking listlessly about under the lamp-lighted foliage of the thousands of great old oaks and beeches. We shall scarcely fail, too, to regard the fantastic and graceful architecture of the railroad depot a little beyond, nor the

bright, glistening waters of the little sound or strait, that divides Zealand from the tiny isle of Amager. But most of all, our attention will be earnestly attracted by the tall and elegant obelisk of freedom, which rises in the middle of the way. The base and four statues about it are of marble—the obelisk itself is of stone from the rocky island of Bornholm which lies in the middle Baltic. When the peasants of Denmark were no longer serfs (about 1780), this monument was erected by the franchised in memory of this happy and grateful event. (Query.—When shall an enthralled race in the western world erect such an offering of thanks in memory of a like event?) At length we leave the smooth and grateful gravel walk for the hard pavement of stone, and pass through a little suburb of the city upon whose white walls of painted brick the sun shines and reflects a most disagreeable glare. Once through it we enter two massive iron gates and are in the great road which leads to the terminus of our journey. Were I a Catholic, I would travel to St. Peter's instanter and order a thousand masses for the souls of the old kings who planted all over Europe so many lovely trees, whose shade and appearance were to benefit a long generation of men. This beautiful trait in the blasted character of European royalty half redeems their myriads of crimes. But being poor and by no means a believer in the keys and chair of apostolic Rome, I shall content myself with

giving to their deceased majesties my thanks for their passion for tree planting. It was certainly an amiable act in them to provide shade for my republican head. But allowing the crumbling bones of the long dead monarchs to sleep quietly in the magnificent sarcophagi of the venerable Cathedral at Roskilde, we will pursue our meditative way. This course is the most advisable that we know from the thought-warm pages of our glorious Saxon Shakespeare, that Kings in Denmark are or were sadly given to earthwalking after death, and who knows but their disembodied souls may not trouble us, as Hamlet's father is said to have annoyed the guardsmen of his treacherous successor.

At length after a long walk, having seen the birthplace of the greatest Danish poet,[1] on our way, we suddenly step into the park of Frederiksberg and stand before his grave. It is a little, old round church with tall poplars and low white grave crosses about it. But look about you, my companions, and see the bright spring glories of the place to which I have brought you. How quietly through the green, always verdant pines, glows the little lake with whose tiny waves the sunbeams are sporting. And yon cave with its limpid spring of the purest ale—Adam's —the soft turf—the bucket, and over all the pale walls of the Italian-built palace. How can I tell you all I feel at the sight of these works of nature

[1] Oehlenschläger.

LETTERS FROM THE NORTH OF EUROPE
(CONTINUED)

I HAVE just finished a book styled "Oehlenschläger's Reminiscences," a detailed autobiography of this greatest of Danish poets. It is in four great volumes, but as I now read the Danish with nearly the same facility and pleasure as English, a few pleasantly spent evenings finished it. For a long time I have not enjoyed so much the perusal of a book. Many parts I re-read to protract the pleasure and delay the sad dénouement which I knew awaited me—his death. He was a double man, that is, he wrote for two posterities, a German and a Danish. With that marked and famous school of poets, artists, critics and philosophers which filled Germany during the first thirty years of the present century and the last ten of the preceding, he was well acquainted and intimate. He knew, too, personally and closely, many of the contemporary geniuses of France, and all the distinguished men of the north. Of all these he gives graphic accounts, which are rendered with a good nature and childish simplicity, which makes one admire and envy the author. His criticisms are fine and close, and as

and art—and what need is there of my doing so, when you are with me and are sensible of the same emotions, and receiving the same blessed impressions.

After ascending the palace hill and admiring the fine view of the city, and the Sound therefrom, we return to gray houses and red roofs, stony streets and market-places once more.

LETTERS FROM THE NORTH OF EUROPE

(CONTINUED)

I HAVE just finished a book styled "Oehlenschläger's Reminiscences," a detailed autobiography of this greatest of Danish poets. It is in four great volumes, but as I now read the Danish with nearly the same facility and pleasure as English, a few pleasantly spent evenings finished it. For a long time I have not enjoyed so much the perusal of a book. Many parts I re-read to protract the pleasure and delay the sad dénouement which I knew awaited me—his death. He was a double man, that is, he wrote for two posterities, a German and a Danish. With that marked and famous school of poets, artists, critics and philosophers which filled Germany during the first thirty years of the present century and the last ten of the preceding, he was well acquainted and intimate. He knew, too, personally and closely, many of the contemporary geniuses of France, and all the distinguished men of the north. Of all these he gives graphic accounts, which are rendered with a good nature and childish simplicity, which makes one admire and envy the author. His criticisms are fine and close, and as

far as *inexperienced I* can judge, candid and healthy. He had a soul formed especially for the poetic, and he always regarded the world and its people from an artistic (I do not mean unnatural) point of view. Of course he was far from being a Shakespeare. He lacked, as every poet must to-day, the simple and natural originality which a great writer in the earlier ages of a language possesses. The beautiful (because simple) and the sublime (because natural) images, similes and ideas which are drawn from the striking, majestic or lovely objects of the world about us, have been for the most part long since used, and their employment by a penman of to-day is not originality but imitation. I fear that men must be content now to display their originality in style, and yield all hopes of it in ideas. But the Danish dramatist had a fine and critical mind, a refined and pure soul, and a correct taste, and in these lie his beauties. He had a broad field (even now more than half untilled) in which to labor—the great plain of the north with its splendid mythology, fabulous history and poetry. What if he did not plow his furrows very deep, or failed to completely turn up the turf and soil? He has furnished many hours of enjoyment and will long continue to do so, to thousands. I said that the close and hearty perusal of his life had pleased me. It has also instructed me. Some years from now, when I shall have become learned (I am constantly looking forward to

such a time, which seems like the land to a mariner, constantly receding), and when I shall have half forgotten the contents of its pleasant pages, I hope to be gratified with another reading of it in America.

I have become in some measure acquainted with the prose literature of Denmark, and in part of Sweden. With the solitary exception of Oehlenschläger I have let the poetry go, for I feared that I should acquire a poetic style of speaking. What would be thought of a man, who, a foreigner, should undertake to speak English, having read for an acquaintance with the tongue, only Shakespeare, Milton, Cowper, Longfellow and Poe? Would not the poetic style of his conversation show the source of his knowledge? Thus I conceive that prose better befits a student of a living language, and in learning a speech I shall always postpone the poets (like the wines in a feast) till the last.

At present I am reading Fredrika Bremer's "The President's Daughters" in the original. I remember but slightly Miss Howitt's translation, but I think I like this better, the unpretending simplicity of its style charms me, and its free pictures of Swedish society allure me to the land where its scenes are laid. I heard a warm eulogy of the authoress from Mr. Irving, when I had the happiness of being at Sunny Side, and I shall not soon forget his saying that she was a most amiable woman. I desire very much her return, that I may have the pleas-

ure of seeing her at home, and the more so that I expect to be able to speak with her in her own tongue, and thereby enjoy more the kindly traits of her mind and character.

LETTERS FROM THE NORTH OF EUROPE

(CONTINUED)

I SPENT a pleasant day in the old and remarkable town of Wisby. It lies on the island of Gothland, and was at one time the central place of exchange for the important Indian trade, and a town of great commercial importance. To it lawyers owe the first commercial code—a body of laws which is still cited in the mercantile courts. Its greatness and prosperity have long since left. When the rich productions of the Indies found out the path to the markets of Europe by way of Alexandria, Venice, and the Flemish towns, Wisby began to decline. At last Waldemar the Third, of Denmark, sacked it and made the place a ruin. Its trade is not now unimportant. But the foreigner visits it only to see its magnificent ruins. Never shall I forget the impression it made on me with its gray walls and towers. I stepped from the nineteenth to the eleventh century, from the steamboat to the feudal town. Its massive walls of hewn stone, its two score and ten battlemented towers, its arched, broad gateways, all stand almost as when they were built. Within the wall are no less than eighteen churches in ruins,

most of them well preserved. The Gothic and Byzantine architecture is rich, majestic and beautiful—the immense arches, the huge columns, the cunningly carved tracery, the aged moss, the holy silence, all impressed me deeply. Many of the old merchants' houses stand and are now used. Here were trade princes from all parts of the world—and their different and diverse tastes are apparent in the dissimilarity of their residences. Have I ever lived a waking dream, it was during the few hours of my sojourn at Wisby.

So much of my travelling adventures. But do not imagine that these were the only pleasant incidents which occurred in the course of my wandering. Every day, every hour, was productive of some new pleasure, some agreeable novelty—and over and above all I learned continually. But it is with me as I suppose it may be with persons much more studious than I. The more I acquire, the greater seems the disproportion between my little stock of knowledge and the vast ever-increasing mass of lore of which I am ignorant. Every fresh fact is only the portal to a thousand more, all claiming attention and enquiry. Each flower gathered in the garden of wisdom contains a multitude of seeds, and every one planted produces a different plant. For it is not here as in the culture of nature, where, if you understand one plant you are at the same time acquainted with a thousand others of the same

species. On the contrary, sow an idea and the result is a crowd of new and strange ideas, each differing from the other. And think: the world's stock of learning is constantly accumulating. The space of a man's life almost doubles it. What will be, what has already been the consequence? Men begin even now to stuff themselves with facts and dates, neglecting more and more causes and effects. As Irving has somewhere said, the learned have already become little more than walking encyclopedias. May we not expect that even this state will soon vanish, and the mind of a wise man must soon resemble nothing but an index—a huge catalogue of what has been done, thought, and written, with few or no explanatory notes? I can see no limit to learning, unless we should have from some now unknown cause another middle age,—a second slumber of thought. Or perhaps we can avoid expecting or dreading such a dark period upon the hypothesis that as the amount of knowledge waxes greater, the number of students is also increasing. In this way every one can devote himself to some particular division of science, relinquishing the idea of learning anything out of his prescribed measure. On the other hand, we are taught by experience how each branch of lore runs into another.

The geologist must also understand chemistry, the geographer mathematics, the historian archæology, and so forth. How can he do this? Ah, this pyra-

midal heaping up of the world's wisdom will do away with that nondescript animal—the universal genius. For it will soon require a divine mind to comprehend the universality of knowledge.

I have been lately enjoying with a true relish a reperusal of the great work by Henry Hallam, "The Literature of the Middle Ages." I was more struck than ever by the accurate and minute learning of the author. No man whom I know possesses a more methodical and a better stored mind. His memory is prodigious and exact, and his modesty not only on paper but in life (as I have been told) is only excelled by his wisdom. His style is not so florid as Bancroft, nor so smooth as Prescott, nor so richly expressive as Macaulay. Indeed, the subjects upon which he has written, in some measure, forbid his being rhetorical or eloquent. But there is a peculiar charm about some of his turns and ideas which is pleasant and impressive. The reader too is constantly pleased and astonished by the systematic arrangements of his facts and the beautiful detail of his narration. How far my own warm sympathy with his subject may have misled me, I do not know; but it is certain that no work of a similar character has so pleased and instructed me as the one I have just been reading.

LETTERS FROM THE NORTH OF EUROPE

(CONTINUED)

THERE are some incidents in my late tour by foot which may not be uninteresting to you. In listening to them, please remember that if my narration is over vivid, it is to be ascribed to the real brightness of the pleasure which every turn of my journey afforded me. The many letters of introduction with which the kindness of friends furnished me, and my peculiar method of travelling, gave me an opportunity, which I readily embraced, of associating with all classes. Accident assisted me, too, in this particular. The third day of my pilgrimage I came towards night upon a little inn surrounded by a half dozen white houses, and overtopped by the tower of an old mossy church. The hamlet was neither picturesque nor elegant. But I was weary with long walking, and there was about the place an air of comfort and quiet which promised rest to my bones, and some calm hours of sleep and reading to my head and mind. I entered the inn and after taking a bowl of the Swedish bread and milk, and cheese, I went down from my room to ask for a paper. Here was a student whom I knew from his

cap of white so much worn by the "libri studiosi" or free-hearted frequenters of the Universities of Sweden. It may be readily guessed that I soon fell into a conversation with him. Such was the case everywhere where I was so fortunate as to meet a student. Whether a common search after knowledge gives to persons of that class a fellow-feeling, or whether the more enthusiastic heart of youth is more susceptible of kindly emotions, I do not pretend to say, but for some reason or other I have ever found in Sweden amongst students the warmest sympathy and most unvarying courtesy. Whenever I saw a white cap with a black band and national cockade, I always greeted it, sure of words of kindness. But in this particular instance the promptings of mutual sympathy were peculiarly lively. A half hour's conversation had made us old acquaintances, and at his urgent request I accompanied him to the residence of a gentleman where he was living, to spend the evening. It was half a mile away and most picturesquely situated by the shores of a wood lake, and overlooking upon the other side a pleasant valley. Among green and sunny farms, and occasionally patches of dark forest, arose within the circle of the eye, some three or four white church towers and clusters of red tiled cottages. The family was a large and pleasant one. The head of it had once been to the East Indies and knew a little English. He was Judge or Governor of the district in which he

lived. His wife was amiable and kind, the boys all young, were frank, pleasant lads. Besides these there were half a dozen clerks, etc., in the house, who were generally students. Every one was courteous and hospitable. I told them stories of my foster-land which lay far towards sunset, and in turn improved my Swedish by conversation with them. My knapsack was sent for and I became domiciled among them. A hundred plans of pleasure were formed, and a hundred urgent reasons used why I should stay until after Whitsuntide, when there was to be a week of holidays. As much inclined as I was to accept of their warmly proffered kindness, I nevertheless felt that three days was all that I could devote to them. Upon the morning of the fourth, therefore, I shouldered once more my knapsack, flourished again my staff and recommenced my journey. I was followed to the gate by the whole family, and a Swedish mile (nearly 7 English) by three members of it, including of course my good, generous hearted friend, the student Laurene. You can readily guess that I parted from them with regret, and with many hopes of sometime renewing my acquaintance with the hospitable family. I might have told you in connection with my stay at Slagtofsa (so was the residence styled) about a thousand Swedish everyday customs, which would have astonished Yankee ears to hear as it did my pair of eyes to see. Many of them were poetically striking, and all

seemed to me to originate in a more close and warmer domestic life than obtained among us. But the fear of wearying you compels me to defer a description of these and many other things, until that pleasant hour shall come when I can picture them to you by word of mouth.

Another rough draft of a pleasant episode. I was pursuing my way on a mild breathless morning, along the public road, stopping now and then to admire the beautiful little lakes which stud this land like gems, or to gaze at some green patch or forest or farmland, lying outspread beneath the brightening, gladdening rays of a June sun, when I unexpectedly came upon a simply built monument by the wayside. That most lovely of Scandinavian trees, the hanging birch, overshadowed it with its gracefully pendant boughs, and many-hued wild flowers sprung up in profusion about the base of the stone memorial, filling the air with beauty, fragrance and poetry. Through the branches of some scattered groups of beeches, maples and lime trees, glisten the white waters of an unrippled lakelet on whose opposite shore a forest of pines shot their long naked trunks and tufts of evergreen foliage high in the air. "How thickly," said or thought I, as I looked upon all this, "this spot is populated with subjects of the plant kingdom." I was about to pass the monument unread, supposing it to be some division mark between two provinces, or some token of the king's

presence, when the name of a monarch in the realm of nature caught my eye and arrested it. It pointed out the birthplace of the great Linnaeus. I sat down upon a stone, and thought how curious it was to come thus unwittingly upon so sacred a spot. But seeing at length a rural cave which led, as I correctly premised, to the precise locality of the great Botanist's early home, I ventured to turn aside and explore the course of it. The father of the naturalist was a clergyman. The house in which Linnæus was born has been taken away, but the garden in which the botanical soul of the boy developed itself is still there. I found the present clergyman very kind and obliging. I walked about the premises with him, and sat three or four hours conversing with him. He told many anecdotes of the great persons who had visited the spot. After some coffee, he accompanied me a couple of miles on my journey, and before leaving his house he plucked for me some blossoms and leaves from Linnæus' pear trees planted by the naturalist himself.

LETTERS FROM THE NORTH OF EUROPE

(CONTINUED)

Mr. Fiske, in one of his letters from Stockholm, gives the following description of the great park in that city:

IT is a hugh park three times as large as all Syracuse, including the salt works. It is called Djurgard or Deeryard, and is full of beautiful palaces and lakes, of high, very high rocks, and deep, very deep dells, and of beautiful views and scenery. When you wish to go thither, you can go a long distance round by land and cross a fine iron bridge. But the more common and the shorter method of reaching it is to take a boat with paddle wheels, of which hundreds are constantly plying between the park and the city. The wheels are turned by four women from a province of Sweden, which lies far north of Stockholm, Dalecarlia. They all wear their native costume, which is a peculiar and striking dress. By these boats you reach the Djurgard in a few minutes, and after paying about a quarter of a cent for going into it, you enter the glorious park. Everywhere you will see pleasant walks and glorious old oaks and pines. Here too are

the beautiful hanging birches of Sweden which look very much like weeping willows. As one walks along a thousand objects catch his eye and claim his attention. It is now the beautiful work of the hands of man, and now some exhibition of nature's mighty handicraft. Here is a bust of a poet in bronze, and directly after a gray mass of enormous walks covered with huge towering pines, whose roots have forced their way into the most narrow crevices and cracks. Sometimes you stand upon the edge of a precipice and look far down upon the green grass or blue waters below. Sometimes you lie upon the turf in a half hidden vale and gaze up at the high hills above which shelter you from the burning rays of the sun. At length, after a long walk, you reach a little palace built by the last king and called Rosendal or the valley of roses. Before and behind it stand two vases of porphyry, the largest that have ever been manufactured from this beautiful stone. They are very, very beautiful. This part of the park is planted with flowers, and is remarkably calculated to draw the attention of any one who is fond of those "stars of earth." There are about here some pretty fountains, and all through the great park are scattered here and there springs of the purest, coldest water. Fine bays and pleasant little islands are to be met with on both sides of the park, and as for land views you can ascend some tall hill and see the striking city with its beautiful suburbs at

your feet. This is not the only park here—the town is surrounded with them, and so beautiful are they that my pen cannot describe all their lovely points and charming features.

LETTERS FROM THE NORTH OF EUROPE

(CONTINUED)

THE third of October saw me in Upsala. A few days after found me an entered member of the University, and joined to the "Nation" of Dalecarlia, for the students are divided into "Nations" according to the Swedish province from which they come, and foreign students can unite themselves to which they please. I was met in Upsala by every one with the greatest kindness, and warmest hospitality, and my residence there will always remain in my memory as one of the brightest spots in the whole space of my visit to this Old World.

The winter holidays (six weeks) were spent in the house of Doct. Swedborn, at Stockholm. This is the gentleman to whom Mr. J. G. Wilkinson dedicates his life of Swedenborg, and one of those kind and warm-hearted men of whom I have found so many in Northern Europe. Scandinavia is really one of the most hospitable parts of the world, and, as an American, I have often found a reception which would not be accorded to me elsewhere. The libraries, the houses of the learned, and the homes of private families have never been closed against me.

And to thee, my native land, thou hope of the future, thou foundation for a world of joyous anticipations, I owe all this. Thrive, earth of my birth; grow, land of the popular will and deed; cast still brighter as time grows old, the reflection of thy greatness and goodness back upon this unhappy continent. Each step I take, each glance I throw among the rotten nations here increases my love for my western home, and every sun that goes down behind the mountains of Scandinavia bears with it the blessings of a heart to that heart's fatherland. Strive to live, my good brother, for the land that gave you existence. Let your future be, as I hope to make mine, an earnest struggle for the growth in America, of all that is noble, true and right.

To a person residing in Europe, opportunities of studying and practicing the modern languages are of course much more frequent than in America. He meets natives of foreign countries, and at all times encounters foreign newspapers. My ten days' journey in Germany gave me a short opportunity of practicing German; and after my arrival at Copenhagen I was often compelled to speak that tongue, as two or three months elapsed before my Danish tongue was formed. In Denmark I, of course, learned Danish, and I learned so much Icelandic, that a month on the island will make me half an Icelander. Swedish I understand, next to English, the best of any languages. I listen to an address, play or con-

versation with the same interest, and the same degree of comprehension, as I would in America. I speak it as willingly, and with as much pleasure as I would my own tongue, and perhaps have read its literature as closely, or more so, than I have the English. Lately I have met with a student who wishes to learn Italian. We have read it together and speak it constantly. Where I dine, there is an intelligent Italian waiter; we converse every day fluently with him, so that were I to stand unknown and alone in Florence tomorrow, I should by no means be troubled to express my wants and feelings. All this (except Icelandic) I have done without taking a single lesson, beyond that continual lesson which constant practice and close study forms. I have read and written considerable French. Paris and Belgium newspapers are now almost my only source for learning what is doing in America, unless I content myself with the short items in the Swedish gazettes. Four months in Paris would make me well acquainted with the pronunciation of that (to an Anglo-Saxon) most difficult of modern tongues. And last and least I have learned the Russian, a language which has a remarkably difficult alphabet, but is otherwise a tongue which presents no great obstacle to its acquisition.

There are two Universities in Sweden, Upsala and Lund. The former is much the larger and more important, having long since acquired a world's rep-

utation from the discoveries of Linnæus. There are about one thousand students in attendance, and many more on the books. The professors and teachers number about seventy-five.

The town of Upsala is one of the most ancient in Sweden, its origin being darkened by the impenetrable mists of fabulous history. It was formerly the capital of Sweden, that is to say, before the building of Stockholm. It has an old castle partly in ruins, standing on a hill at the west of the town, built by Gustavus Vasa. Its magnificent cathedral, modeled after *Notre Dame*, in Paris, raises its two towers above the town, and contains the tombs of many kings, and of some who were greater than kings. I love to walk through its majestically arched aisles, gazing upon its tombs of marble, and breathing in the atmosphere perfumed with the memories of ages, and thanking the silent dead for the good which many of them have done for the sake of mankind. As I look upon the beautiful proportions of the building, its lofty arches, massy columns, splendid decorations, I think with Schiller, that the Catholic religion is the religion of Art.

West of Upsala is a ridge of hills, but east and north extends a broad plain as far as one can see. Towards the north (three English miles from the town) by the side of a little and very old church, rise three mounds, where Odin, Thor, and Frigga (Odin's wife) are said to be buried. Be this as it

may, it is certain that they are very ancient, are artificial, and contain bones of men. They are very lofty. Part of the little church beside them is said to have been a heathen temple, with how much truth I cannot say.

At a supper given some weeks since by the "Nation" to which I belong, I met Prince Augustus, the youngest son of the King, and in whose honor the feast had been arranged. I was presented to him, and spoke with him some time. He has by no means any great talent, but is a good-natured fellow. A half dozen evenings since I was invited to visit him in company with a score of others. I conversed much more with him. The supper was fine, and the evening passed very pleasantly. One of his brothers, Prince Gustavus, is a fine musician and has composed some beautiful airs, to which in some instances he has set words. He is the most learned, and, as I think, the most respectable of the Royal Family, although the general feeling of the country is favorable to Prince Oscar and the Prince Royal, on account of their military dispositions.

More definitely I can say that I have hopes of obtaining active employment upon my return home. I can say no more now than that it is a situation which will suit my taste, and where I shall have an opportunity of developing the few acquirements which my long journey and my studies may have given me. Should my hopes be realized I shall be

contented, and sufficiently repaid for my exertions in coming here, and then, too, I shall seek to repay you, my dear parents, for all the trouble and anxiety I have given, and to exhibit my gratitude for all the kindness you have shown me.

I have had presented me during my stay in Denmark and Sweden many books, and as soon as I arrive in Copenhagen (previous to going to Iceland), I will send home a case of all I have, except such as I may need in Iceland or Germany.

[Vol. III of the "Fiske Memorials" is to contain a comprehensive and racy account of Swedish student life, written by Prof. Fiske many years after his sojourn in Upsala.]

LETTERS FROM THE NORTH OF EUROPE

(CONTINUED)

From the Syracuse Journal, Oct. 9, 1852

Copenhagen, July 22, 1852

AT length you see me out of Sweden—that land where I have met so much of kindness, in which I have left so many friends. I look back upon the twelve months spent there as one of the pleasantest years of my young life—for during its course I endeavored to combine study with enjoyment, in the hope that my departure from its friendly coasts might find me both a happier and a wiser individual. I have studied a history studded with the names of heroes; a language possessing the melody and softness of the south, united to the strength and manliness of the north; have become acquainted with a literature rich in originality and with a fertility worthy of a more fruitful clime—and I have found hearts far warmer than the soil that nourished them, and minds glowing with the truth and goodness of a genial development.

Sweden is a country where if a man is ambitious to learn, nothing is easier—for the people are proud

of their history, their literature and their language, and are glad to see the foreigner interested in either.

Many an hour have I passed with some student friend reading the works of some Swedish classic author. As fond of poetry as their language is well adapted to it, I can imagine no pleasure more true than sitting with some enthusiastic living Swede over the poems of a dead one, listening to the clear, musical tones of that soft but strong tongue. Geijer, Tegnér, Franzen, Vitalis, Runeberg and a crowd of other names have been fastened in my mind and memory with a strength that can never decay. They are heroes in my mental Valhalla, whose images shall be ever gazed at. I thank them all for the great thoughts and wonderful words they have placed upon paper. The first is the historian of his native land, and has told the tale of her existence in a way philosophical, which is at the same time replete with the beauties of style and exhibits those clear-sounding impressive sentences which no other language can produce. Tegnér is the poet of our century. It is useless for me to attempt to make dull words express my feelings towards his creations. My enthusiasm for them is equal to any Swede's, and I cannot relate to you all I think of the great author of "Frithjofs Saga," "Axel" and "Hattvardsbarnen." The last mentioned of the five names above is that of the only living man among them all. He is a Finlander, and has written a national poem

composed of a number of lyrical pieces founded on incidents in the last war between Russia and Sweden. They are splendid. I think no foreign literature can make that impression upon me that the Swedish has done. I went to that northern land prepared to see its productions of mind in agreement with those of its soil—to see some correspondence and similarity between man and nature. But I was sadly in error. I saw in the Swedish mind the hardihood of a polar clime, and the brilliancy and grace of the tropical. Show me a language so well adapted to the purposes of the bard, and a nation whose literature during the last twenty-five years can equal that of Sweden. Swedenborg, Linnæus and many another widely known name bear witness to its past.

As I now and then catch a glimpse of an American book or of the literary world, I am enabled to obtain an outward view of the progress of things mental at home. And the English literary journals, more and more as time grows older, show the influence of the Western world upon the trans-Atlantic motherland. Comparing the authors and authorship of England with America I feel proud of the latter, which is now as large and respectable as the former. The fact is however not surprising, for the amount of learning among the so named *lower* classes always determines the amount of a nation's printed wisdom, and the number of its authors. This is nowhere better seen, perhaps, than in Iceland—an island of 60,000

people, and a list of writers unequalled in numbers by that of any nation of ten times its population, for the farmers and poorer classes of no country are so well enlightened as the Icelandic.

Those in America who are accustomed to regard that insular land of ice and fire as a sister of Greenland and of Nova Zembla, will perhaps stare at this statement, but the fact is nevertheless certain that there is something else there than Hecla and the Geysers—that there are glowing minds as well as burning mountains, and fountains of knowledge no less than springs of boiling water.

But to return from Iceland to our authors, those who are the best known here, besides the genial Irving and the inventive Cooper, are Emerson, Carey (the political economist), Bancroft, Prescott and Longfellow. When I say *here* I mean in Sweden, as there are several reasons why American books are more read in that country than in Denmark. The more important is doubtless the influence exerted by three Swedish travellers in America who have within two or three years returned home. These are Prof. Bergfalk, of Upsala, Mr. Siljistrom, of Stockholm, and Miss Bremer. The first named particularly, who was sent out to study the economical and legal condition of the United States, has done much to promote a knowledge of our books. Longfellow, however, is here known from his beautiful translation

of one of Tegnér's poems, and from the Scandinavian character of many of his own pieces.

In a former letter I gave you a description of the birthplace of Linnæus. During the winter a student friend and myself left Upsala one morning for a walk. Two hours brought us to the house of Linnæus, where the great flower king passed the last years of his life, and where he died. The place had decayed much since his day, but a suite of apartments is still in the same state as when he left them. On a hill at the back of the house stands the little building where he gave his lectures to which men came from all over the world to hear the prince of botanists explain the curious and sublime wonders of nature. A grove planted by him still gives a cool shade in the warm summer time and greets the eye with a myriad of crystal gems under the bright sun of a winter's day. And they told us (what a subsequent visit confirmed) that about the place grow plants unknown to the rest of Sweden—the fast vanishing descendants of the great man's companions and teachers—for his instructors (as he said) were the blossomed dwellers of the forest and the field. Though no botanist, I have always had an untutored love for those "stars of earth" which so help to beautify and brighten the wanderings of men, and I therefore gazed with no little interest on the home of one who had showed mankind principles of truth

and beauty in plants, of which they before had no conception.

I came from Stockholm by the way of the canal to Gothenburg, and from there I went to Christiania in Norway. There was a meeting lasting six days, of the students of the Universities of Christiania and Upsala. The gathering was a most important and interesting one. It was not the University alone which received us, it was all Christiania; every house and every heart was open to us, and feast after feast betokened the hospitality of Norway. One night it was a welcome from the University in a grove glimmering with light. Only think of a forest sparkling, burning with the brilliancy of many thousand gas lamps, and then the happy, enthusiastic faces beneath them. Another day we were out to a picturesque villa belonging to the king of Sweden and Norway, a little out of the town, where his Majesty gave a dinner to a thousand students, at which the costliest wines flowed in hogsheads. This meeting will do much to create a better feeling between the inhabitants of the two united kingdoms, for a strong jealousy has hitherto existed between them. One of the days, I and some others made a tour out to Ringerike. We ascended constantly after leaving Christiania until we were far above the town. We walked over a little mountain and came to a precipice 1300 feet high and perpendicular. From here we had a view of

a whole province of Norway many miles in extent, Never have I seen a view equal to that. We looked down upon the tops of churches and hills which appeared like a child's dwarf toys. We saw islands directly beneath of several miles in extent that did not look many feet in length. It was so far down that without a glass we could not see the horses or men which continually traversed the roads. We saw many bays where whole fleets could anchor, that looked like little pools. It was wonderful to see so many miles of land and water so dwarfed in their dimensions.

Besides this I saw much that was curious and noteworthy in Norway. I saw a free and happy people, free by their own bravery, and happy in the results of their boldness. When poor Denmark loses its present constitution (as I fear it will soon do), then Norway will be the only continental land in Europe that possesses a freedom unlimited save by its own laws, for unhappy Switzerland is so frightened by every movement of her despotic neighbors, that her freedom is at least a pale and wan goddess. I saw there that men were equal; the tradesman and mechanic appeared to have a knowledge of their own right in the State and looked and acted more like the same class in America than any people I have seen here.

In company with two Swedish friends, one a student, the other from the Royal Library at Stock-

holm, I came down from Gothenburg to Helsingborg. At the latter place we crossed over to Elsinore. Here we saw the celebrated castle and some of the places made holy by the wonder-working pen of our old English bard, and so took our way towards the city of Copenhagen, not however by the direct route, but by a romantic road. It was near sunset when we set out, but we should not go far that night. We amused ourselves by looking over the green meadows and rich grain fields of this garden island, by talking with the peasant men and women whom we passed or met, and by shaping into things unreal the distant objects on the horizon, over which the fast coming dusk threw a fantastic coloring. The darkness became thicker, and still the inn which should give us a supper and bed, did not appear. We knew that the ruins of an old castle ought to be in the neighborhood of a little lake whose waters just glimmered in the last faintness of the struggling twilight.

We looked while we followed the road, as it wound its course not far from the edge of the water, for something that should look like ivied walls. At length we saw before us something gray; when leaping over the fence a few rods brought us to the walls of Gurre Castle, once the residence of one of Denmark's Waldemars, who, as the peasants believe, still hunts in the summer nights in the forests of this part of Zealand. I spoke with some who had heard the sound of his horn, and the hurried flight of his

horse and hounds as they followed the chase on a pleasant night. We did not contradict the probability of this fact as the honest people related it to us, for are not legends and traditions the wisdom of the lower classes? Soon we found ourselves in a hospitable inn, situated in a pleasant grove, where, as I looked out of my open window into the warm midsummer outside, the darkness among the tall trees had such a mysterious look that I half believed wonderful things *could* happen here.

We were up early the next morning, and off under forests, and by smiling fields towards Fredriksborg. On the way we passed the Palace of Fredenborg, an old-fashioned royal residence, with a fine park, and a little collection of sandstone statues, representing peasants from different parts of Denmark, in the dress peculiar to their province—Ethnography in stone. Three or four miles brought us to Fredriksborg, the most beautiful of Denmark's kingly dwellings. It stands in a little lake—a lofty building—designed, I think, by Inigo Jones, or, at least, built in his peculiar style.

Deep was the impression made on me by its curious towers and wonderful architecture. We saw the great knight's hall, with its portraits of emperors and kings, and splendid ceilings, and the chapel, under whose roof, and between whose walls, glistening with gold and silver, rich in cunning tracery and curious carving, the coronation of Denmark's mon-

archs takes place. What memories of royalty rest upon the place. The grounds were filled with the most superb beech trees, not short and stunted, as this tree grows in our land, but as lofty as the oak, and stretching its broad arms over many feet of land protectingly.

July 28.—I arrived here just four days after the post-ship sailed for Iceland, she going on the 5th instead of the 15th, as I had been informed. Another does not go in six weeks, and if I accompany that, I cannot stay more than two weeks on the Island. Thus the project of which I have dreamed so long must be abandoned for the present. A visit to the battlefield of fire and water, heat and cold, would have been a very pleasant incident of my tour, and it costs me many a disagreeable thought to yield up the idea.

My best wishes I send thee, wonderful island, and thanks for the many things I have learned from thy rare history and rich tongue.

DREAMS IN GERMANY—I

From the Syracuse Daily Star, Nov. 17, 1852

I HAD taken leave of the North—my dwelling place for two years of my youth—from which I bore away a heart rich with the green and enduring memories of study and enjoyment. At this instant of departure my thoughts involuntarily went back to the time when I first entered Scandinavia. Then the glorious language and literature of its primitive times as well as the scarcely less beautiful tongues and writings of today, were things still sealed to me. I looked upon the old Icelandic sagas and poems as I would have gazed into the dark depths and mysterious windings of some of those enchanted forests we read about in fantastic legends, and as for the noble minds and pens which have blessed the Baltic nations in later days I knew not so much as the names they bore. But many months of study, practice and travel had taught my tongue to accommodate itself to the unaccustomed sounds of the northern dialects, and given me a nearer and better view and understanding of both the old and new literatures of the polar lands. Besides, I had made

myself, among the golden-hearted youth of Upsala, a second home, which I left with scarcely less pain than I had felt when I saw the verdant hills and gay cities of my forest-home in the West sink into the waves; and now my last wish, as under the golden rays of the setting sun, the coasts of Sweden sunk from my sight, was for the well-being of all those who had contrived to render my stay among them so pleasant and profitable.

We had taken a night-passage in a steamboat from Ystad, the southernmost city of Sweden, to Lübeck. The air was clear and light and a steady wind gave the never-weary waters just motion enough to make them laughingly leap and sparkle in the calm rays of a harvest moon. The waking dreams I had during the sleepless watches of that night were such as had never visited me before. Sweet recollections of the happy hours of my Scandinavian life, glorious anticipations of my visit to Germany and hopes of a new existence in my native home, kept my thoughts excited and busy. In the plenitude of my glowing ideas I said to myself, few can be more happily situated than I. The keen blood of youth coursed through my veins, giving energy to every action and development to every purpose, rendering every pleasure more pleasant and every trouble more endurable. The careless idleness of boyhood and the painful inactivity of old age were alike distant, and I stood there in the sunny

vigorous prime of life surrounded by a good world to labor in and by great objects to labor for.

Some hours of bright moonlight brought us to Travemünde, a little town at the mouth of the river upon which Lübeck is situated a few miles above. In the pleasant hours of early morning we pursued our way up the stream which wound about in a most wonderful manner so that the slender spires of Lübeck across the plains were sometimes on the left, sometimes on the right, now before and now behind us. At length the gray walls of its houses and the green sides of its ramparts grew more distinct, and we were soon rattling over its narrow and crooked streets to the railroad stationhouse outside of the town. I remembered with what enthusiasm I gazed two years before at these antiquated buildings when such gray old age was novelty to me. On the iron track we passed out of the city's suburbs into the yellow and brown autumnal fields and flew across Southern Holstein into the little duchy of Lauenburg —the petty compensation received by ill-starred Denmark for the loss of the vast and mountainous Norway. The country about us was most of the way slightly uneven, swelling now and then into small hillocks or sinking into shallow valleys, and was occasionally decked with a scattered forest of that most reverend of trees—the oak. Lauenburg, the capital town of the insignificant duchy, is a place of supreme dullness and was only interesting to me

from an occasional grape-vine which I saw making a whole house beautiful with the dark green of its magnificent foliage and marking the approach to a sunnier and brighter climate. A link was wanting here in the iron chain that binds all Germany in its embrace, and we were therefore compelled to take the diligence to Lüneburg, some fifteen miles distant, crossing the broad but shallow Elbe on our way by a most peculiar and German contrivance. The horses were taken from the coach and the latter rolled upon two pieces of timber laid across the boat, so that a slight jog given to the frail ferry-vessel would have sent the whole, diligence, passengers and baggage, into the waters of the river. We did not at all like the arrangement and descended into the body of the boat, but our fellow-travellers—patient, easily satisfied Germans—sat in the coach evidently quite indifferent as to the good or bad success of this *rather* dangerous method of transportation. The ferrymen pushed us over the wide stream with long poles and we came safely to the other side and stood on the soil of Hannover. We busied ourselves during the examination of the passports and baggage in gazing at the plum-trees in the gardens of the hamlet which stood bowed down with the most delicious looking fruit.

A mile or two before reaching our destination we saw an old cathedral across the heath standing in the midst of sandy plains like the form of the holy

apostle in the wilderness. Before the days of Hanseatic greatness, before the time of Spanish might or Flemish glory, stood here the wealthy commercial town of Bardowick. Trade, just budding then into a new and promising life, made it powerful and rich —rich enough to tempt the craving covetousness of Henry the Lion, duke of Brunswick, but not powerful enough to resist his courage and his arms. He razed it to the ground, leaving only this vast cathedral, which stands a melancholy monument over the tomb of a dead and almost forgotten city. Its sight awoke painful feelings of sadness in my mind and I threw myself back in the diligence, musing upon the untoward fate of Bardowick until the quaint streets of Lüneburg aroused me from my dreams.

Lüneburg is a town of brick and I have rarely seen that unpoetical building material shaped into such forms of beauty as are here seen in the architecture of many of the houses. Most of them are Gothic and I had always before thought that only the solidity of hewn stone could be made to fit the grandeur of that magnificent style. But here were all the delicate outlines, graceful columns and majestic arches of the Gothic in poor and simple burnt clay. The Rathhaus or City Hall, especially, in spite of the hideous paint and plaster with which the modern spirit of improvement has defaced its exterior, is an interesting pile of buildings, its multitude of huge

rooms being filled with art-specimens of the chisel and the brush from the master hands of the middle ages. And the woman who showed us through them seemed to take a warm and genuine delight in her connection with these ancient things and to know by heart the story of every one of the curious figures and quaint devices that crowded the walls and ceilings. She was well advanced into the years of womanhood and appeared to fully believe all the traditions which had clustered during the course of many generations about these ancient halls and courtyards, having probably grown up among them from childhood. How I envied her this constant, personal communion with the instructive past! This place is the Salina of Hannover and in the Rathhaus the skeleton of the hog, which was in some way accessory to the discovery of the extensive salt-springs here, is still religiously preserved. As it was Sunday we went into the churches and admired their beauty and ancient-looking appearance, but we listened more, I fear, to the solemn voices of the tombstones that paved the broad aisles than to the sonorous words of the preacher in the pulpit.

In the afternoon the locomotive was coursing over the tedious plains of Hannover with us in his train. Such eternal surfaces, though, like the ocean, full of the sublimity of vastness, are wearisome objects to the eye of the traveller. For hours we were compelled

to gaze out at the unceasing flatness that everywhere presented itself, sometimes in the form of dry, uncultivated moor-land, sometimes as a field of sun scorched grass or stiff rye stubble.

DREAMS IN GERMANY—II

From the Syracuse Daily Star, Nov. 19, 1852

HOW glorious is the sight of antiquity! It awakens the liveliest play of the imagination and shuts out from your mind and vision the busy turmoil of existence about you, enclosing you within the circle of its enchanting influence as the luxuriant ivy encloses with its heavy folds the gray walls of some aged ruin. By it you are transformed from a being of today into a breathing inhabitant of the past and are made an interesting spectator of scenes long since acted; and then, as you become by degrees accustomed to its presence and reality, how solemnly it awakens the better feelings within you, making you resolve to shun the example of the evil dead and to earnestly imitate those great and glorious heroes of history, who, from their graves, still influence the lives and actions of men, so that when you, like them, shall form a part of the past, posterity may still cherish the memory of your words and deeds.

Such thoughts as these visited me as I stood on the old market-place at Brunswick, gazing at the venerable relics of other times—the speaking monu-

ments of other men's labor—standing about me. In the centre of the open square stood a curiously-carved fountain of stone, bedecked with the developed fancies of some imaginative child of the chisel—figures of knights and apostles, crusaders and prophets strangely mingled together. The Rathhaus was in the corner, a beautiful creation of some medieval German architect, with the figures of Guelphic princes looking down upon me with their stony eyes, and opposite it rose the hoary form of St. Martin's church. Several houses of long standing were arranged on each side of these, some of them shrinking back from the line of the square as if abashed at the presence of a few neighbors of a more modern and pretending character, while others jutted far out over the pavement, looking contemptuously down upon beings of a day's existence, who toiled or played in their shadows, determined as it seemed to me to support the pretension of respect to age. I wandered for some hours through the antiquated streets stumbling accidentally upon the sight-worthy things of the city, such as the quiet graveyard where the celebrated Lessing is buried, the great obelisk of iron erected to the memory of two dukes, father and son, who fell one after the other in battle, and the bronze lion brought from Constantinople in the days of the crusades by the Lion-Duke Henry (the destroyer of Bardowick) as, mounted on a clumsy, uncouth pedestal, it displays

its Byzantine stiffness under the massive walls of the cathedral.

The situation of Brunswick, like nearly all the towns of North Germany, is of no beauty whatever. Only on the south does the prospect exhibit a redeeming quality, for there the cloudy, rounded peaks of the Harz bound the view; in all other directions there is only the great weary Hannoverian plain with not a single mount to render its vast unpicturesqueness more tolerable. But nevertheless, to one coming from the North it is an object of great interest, exhibiting as it does many traits of the more romantic cities of Southern Germany. There are old houses looking down at you with strange glances upon the market places, and in the narrow streets quaint carvings in wood and stone on the fronts and corners of dwellings, and fine old churches in Gothic and Norman styles. Nor are elegant buildings of a modern date wanting. For does not the huge ducal palace present you its superb and massive façade among green trees and sparkling fountains and guarded by terrible tools of death in the shape of the *Bloody Body Guard?*

Although I have often made use of the plural pronoun, I have hitherto neglected to mention that during my journeyings in Germany I had a companion—a pleasant and friendly one—in the shape of a genial and agreeable Pennsylvanian who had been the comrade of Bayard Taylor in all his foot

wanderings in Europe. This was his second visit to the old world, and like me he had been spending a little time in the interesting Kingdoms of Scandinavia. Though it may somewhat interfere with your learning the language of the people among whom you are for the time sojourning—though it may in a measure take away that glorious feeling of independence which forms one of the chief delights of travelling—still a companion, who speaks your own familiar tongue and who owes his birth to the same fair and free land which you, yourself, claim as your native home, is a blessing to the wanderer. His presence heightens almost every pleasure you experience, gives increased interest to every wonder you contemplate and in some degree may be said to unite the genial effect and influence of home with the sterling advantages and innumerable pleasures of travel.

In the company of this friend I left Brunswick the day after our arrival there, by the railroad to Wolfenbüttel. Although the land just about us still retained the eternal flatness, we could yet see in the distance the summit of the old, enchanted Brocken, reflecting on its misty brow the slanting beams of the descending sun and filling us with lively anticipations of enjoyment for the morrow. Then, sick from our painful experience of the plains, how would the rejoicing blood of a new life leap through our veins and our hearts bound at the sight of nature's glorious unevenness; with what thankfulness would

we look on the magnificent outward forms which our goodly earth sometimes assumes and bathe our sunburnt bodies in the cool, delicious air of the mountains!

The little town which formed our destination for the day had long been a sort of Mecca to me, inspiring me more and more as I approached nearer to it. It contains one of the richest and oldest book collections in Germany—one whose value it would be as sacrilegious as impossible to reckon in dollars. I fear that I have not yet learned to use or appreciate properly their contents and teachings, yet there is something in me, you may liken it to the untutored affection of the swain if you will, which teaches me to love even the titles and outsides of books. No human thing excites within me half the awe and reverence I feel as I walk through the halls of a well-stored library, and even the sublimity of nature scarcely affects me so much. A huge mountain is only a heaping-up of matter, this is a vast accumulation of mind.

Nourishing such thoughts as these, it may be easily imagined that but a short time passed after our arrival at Wolfenbüttel before I directed my steps to the Library-building. In the vestibule I met the Librarian, [1] a kind old man who is blind, though otherwise but slightly touched with the frailties of age. He loves books with all the fervor of the

[1] Karl Philipp Schönemann.

bibliomaniac while he judges of their contents with all the learned discrimination of the scholar. I will not attempt to tell what multitudes of venerable manuscripts, glittering with gold and lively colors and rendered beautiful by the cunning skill of the scribe, or of printed books from the offices of those honored benefactors of our race—the earliest printers—which during my too short visit he showed me. Your types, good Sirs Editors, cannot express the pleasure with which I gazed at these last, for to the book-lover the productions of Gutenberg, the Aldines and the Stephens, are what the creations of the spring time of art are to the painter and sculptor, bringing into lively action feelings which the words of no language can truly and fully describe.

After this I could only half feel the interest attaching to the other sights of the town. I visited, however, the noble old church and the grim and faded palace of oak, hardly according in its wooden magnificence with my preconceived ideas of ducal splendor. But I have rarely enjoyed a few moments of fleeting time more truly than when in the cool and silent evening I sat in the pleasant walls on the outside of the town, drinking a cup of German coffee, gazing at the blue mountains before me and thinking over my visit to the rich and invaluable book collection of Wolfenbüttel.

DREAMS IN GERMANY—III

From the Syracuse Daily Star, Nov. 23, 1852

IT was on a morning of bright sunshine and clear air that we left Wolfenbüttel for Harzburg, a small town at the base of the Brocken. The distance was nearly or quite thirty miles, and the railroad had such a rapidly ascending grade that the cars which a ponderous iron-horse had scarcely been able to drag up came rushing down again unaided. Such a train as this without any locomotive looked as a huge three-master would, ploughing its way through the opposing waters unassisted by a single sail. Our guide-books stated that there was only one station between the two termini—Wolfenbüttel and Harzburg—and therefore when the train stopped for the second time at a little scattered village, supposing that we had arrived at the road's end, we boldly set out across the fields towards the mountain that seemed almost to tower above us. But we soon learned the folly of trusting in the infallibility of guide-books, for shortly afterwards we had the satisfaction of seeing the steaming monster and his train flying through the valley beyond. At first we were

deeply chagrined on learning that we had a walk of several miles before we could reach even the foot of the Brocken, but there was something so exceedingly ludicrous in our situation and our mistake that mirth soon usurped the place of melancholy disappointment; and fastening our knapsacks more firmly on our shoulders we marched on with stout hearts. And indeed we did not regret afterwards the result of our error, as we met with incidents during the course of our walk pleasant enough to compensate for the fatigue and delay.

In the Harz we found ourselves on soil sanctified to the heart of every German and endeared to the mind of every freeman. In this chain of mountains were the strongholds and retreats of Hermann, the defender of his land's liberty against the ambitious assaults of the Romans. When I read in my boyhood all that remains to us of his romantic story, and contemplated his courageous spirit, his love of freedom and his noble and earnest devotion to his country, I used to admire his character with all the passionate enthusiasm of my years and nature. The remembrance of that boyish sympathy made my stay in these parts full of interest.

The sun little more than three hours high, we reached Harzburg and commenced the ascent of the Brocken, accompanied by a dull-headed young man as a guide. It was by no means a warm day and it gradually grew colder as we went higher, yet so

fatiguing was the ascent that my thick woollen coat was soon smoking with perspiration which penetrated even the leather of my knapsack. Our course lay through scenery rich in deep, shadowy and solitary dells and rugged, picturesque heights. We went through far-stretching forests of straight young pines planted by the hand of man, past an old battlemented ruin which frowned in decayed glory down upon us from the brow of a high jagged mountain-rock, and by masses of huge stone resembling Titanic fortifications. We saw only two buildings in all our walk, *milk-houses* as they are called, erected by the government for the keepers of the herds which graze during the summer season in these desolate and silent regions. How keenly I enjoyed a long and cool draught of nourishing milk, as, wearied by the steep and constant climbing, I separately arrived at the isolated dwellings! About half way up we crossed the Bridge of the Three Masters where the territories of three different powers meet—the Grand-Duchy of Brunswick and the kingdoms of Prussia and Hannover. At length, just in time to see the sun set upon the glorious and far-reaching landscape, we arrived at the summit. God of nature, how magnificent was that view!—stretching on the North far away until the broad Hannoverian plain united with the blue sky in the dim and faint distance, and on the South almost to the woody mountains of Thuringia. The sinking

sun threw such a blaze of liquid gold upon all the western scene that the eye could with difficulty shape out the objects in that direction. Broad rivers rolled across the landscape like tiny threads, and cities and villages, busy with the active life of hundreds and thousands of mortals, appeared like flocks upon that interminable sheet of land.

The Brocken-House or inn is a long, low building with thick walls and double windows, and heated by stoves all the year round. Near it stands a lofty prospect-tower. The evening scene outside of this inn is one of real interest to a person fond of studying the different aspects of human nature. Persons from all parts of Germany are usually to be found, after the winds and shades of evening have driven them in, seated in the long hall. Here is to be seen the rough, honest and hearty Swabian, the polished and affected Prussian, the handsome, good-humored, contented Saxon and the beer-drinking Bavarian. Mingled with these are generally a few *outlanders*, as the Teutonic term hath it, natives of cold Scandinavia, or green England, gay France or sunny Italy, and not unfrequently several of that unfortunate people—the Poles. Far removed from the habitations of man and among the sublime and impressive wonders of nature, the persons here gathered together in general manifest a freer, more open and generous disposition—thinking gentler thoughts and uttering kindlier words—than in the hotel of a

crowded, artificial city. Conversation flows more easily, and each man is soon your acquaintance. After tea, when the two or three ladies who ventured up the steep mountain on the backs of donkeys had retired, the room presented a noteworthy aspect. In flagons larger than the enormous drinking-horns of the northern heroes foamed the ruddy ale, Germany's universal beverage, along the whole board, and around it, in the easy attitude of self-contentment sat a dozen or two Germans filling the room with the cloudy fragrance of smoke from their meerschaum or porcelain pipes. Could I have imagined Gods in dresscoats and stiff collars, the whole would have appeared no bad representation of an after-dinner chat in the august Valhalla of Odin. In the company of some lively students and one or two professors we passed an agreeable evening, looking at and participating in the scene so really and truly Teutonic. A register of the visitors here has been kept for three-quarters of a century and now forms a little library of quartos filled with good and bad scraps of poetry, drawings and dim flashes of wit. The American names were very rare. We noticed the following: "4th of May, 1845, J. Bayard Taylor from Pennsylvania, U. S. of America, climbed the Brocken in a horrible snow-storm and after staying three hours was at last rewarded with an occasional view through the clouds."

On going to bed we found the blasts of winter, in spite of the September time of year, rattling our windows and howling round the gables and roofs of this solitary house as if all the witches with whom the superstition of ages peopled the Brocken-top were astride of them. Though their doleful turbulence might have awakened fancies and imaginings of the most lugubrious kind in persons less fatigued than we, sleep had stronger claims upon our weary bodies and we were soon dreaming.

The next morning we were early up to view the landscape under the rosy influence of the rising sun and to visit some of the places of note in the region, such as *The Devil's Pulpit*, *The Witches' Altar* and *The Lake of Hags*. The spectre of the Brocken, a much-talked-of phenomenon, occurs only a dozen or so times in a year and did not show itself to our wishing eyes. For a long way round, the peak is bare of trees, producing only mosses and some other hardy plants peculiar to very cold climates. Of such as do grow, however, every traveller receives a little bunch styled a Brocken nosegay. Besides this I carried away as a mark and memorial of my visit to the mountain a stout walking stick made of a tough kind of thorn-wood that grows here among the Harz.

One last, parting look at the great map of land unrolled before us, a single good-by glance at the

cities and hamlets we were leaving behind us in the Northern plains, one more whiff of the sharp but life-infusing air of the summit and we began our descent.

DREAMS IN GERMANY—IV

Correspondence of the Syracuse Daily Star

THE guide whom we obtained for our descent from the Brocken south-westward into the lowland, was a clever boy of fourteen. His father had been dead for some years, and there was a real or affected tinge of sadness in his disposition—and indeed he had all the melancholy sentimentalism of a Byronic youth of twenty. Though he knew a multitude of those ballads—many of them so beautiful—that are common to the peasantry of almost every land of Europe, yet all our persuasions could not at first induce him to sing them. He said with a doleful cast of his eye that his singing days were over; that his nature no longer possessed the gaiety of former years, and that the shadows of sorrow were lying heavily on his heart. We could not avoid laughing at this union of sentiment and boyhood, until at last our mirth seemed to lighten his spirit, and he preceded us laughing, whistling, and singing down the winding mountain paths.

After coming down the chief peak to the lower Brocken, we arrived at one of those hunting-houses,

built for the preservation of the game, which are so frequently met with in the German forests. It was no longer needed for this object and had been transformed into an inn and toll-house. That race of noble animals which once breathed the air of these hills and valleys, and gaily shook the mountain dew from their antlers, as they roamed through the forests and over the heaths, had now entirely vanished. I thought that the woods and heights and glades missed sadly their presence, to which for ages they had been so accustomed, and half fancied that the brooks, as they rolled, mourned their decay and disappearance. Not far beyond the inn we reached the head of a deep gorge, where a thick and lofty wall of granite had been piled up to collect the waters of a stream, which were afterward conveyed through a canal to the mining town of Andreasburg, some miles distant. The road followed the course of this aqueduct as it wound around the steep hill-sides. From it we could gaze far down into the shadowy darkness of the gorge, and watch the whirlings and plunging of the jetty raven-like birds who were the only inhabitants of its gloomy depths. One scene of the shifting landscape through which we walked was peculiarly beautiful. It was where a range of hills divided the gorge which we could see running away in two directions, until the turns were at last hid in the distance. Almost opposite to us rose the bare and naked outline of a rocky mountain top,

seeming to cut the hard blue sky beyond it, and at our back frowned a stupendous pile of adamant, loftier, but otherwise not unlike the palisades of the Hudson.

We passed the night at St. Andreasberg, a mining village, struggling down the sides of one of the steepest and longest hills I have ever seen. Half way down its tiresome declivity was the little market-place, where our inn stood, which was at the same time the town hall. The appearance of the large room in the upper story set apart for the deliberations of the city fathers, gave us a favorable impression of the morals and self-governing abilities of the inhabitants of the place; for, so far from being needed for the use of the magistracy, it was filled with small rude cages of wood which were destined to convey canary birds to America, where, as we are told, the speculators are making fortunes from their sales.

Early the next day, while larks were still singing their morning carols, and tree and bush were yet heavy with dew, our knapsacks were bound upon our backs. To him who loves the glowing beauty of nature, whose heart bounds with delight at the sight of the bright sky, the green wood and the swelling hill, whose soul beats in union and sympathy with the affections and feelings of his brother man, there is no pleasure so free, so true, so exciting as walking. It gives the vigor of health and enjoyment to the

limbs and makes every nerve tingle, every vein swell with the glorious pleasure of exertion. It not only affects the body, but infuses a kindlier and better nature into the soul, opening it to a bright and full comprehension of each beauty around. Under its influence you learn to love all weathers and all scenes. The painting snow and the life-giving rains soon become almost as welcome as the warm sunshine and the cool breeze, and beauties and wonders spring up from the barren bosom of the heath, no less than from the fertile soil of the meadow and the green shades of the woodlands. And no mode of travelling bestows upon its pursuer such a measure of indulgence both in thought and in action. As I now sit here writing in my confined chamber, with the damp, dull and smoky atmosphere of the city, the continued sight of its gloomy walls of brick, and the sound of its unwelcome turbulence weighing down my soul, the memory of the thousand hours that I have spent with staff in hand and knapsack on back, under the broad heavens and among forests and fields, comes back to me with something like the cheering excitement which walking gives, and for a moment I live again in the remembrance of its pleasure.

Climbing up and down the two sides of a lofty hill, we entered a valley beaming with loveliness. The yellow rays of the autumn sun warmly lit up

one side of it, leaving the other in a contrasted shade. The coloring hand of the declining year had already begun to give a brighter tinge to the beeches and maples in the valley bottom, but the dark leaves of the evergreens resisted its touch. The deep and solemn bass of the waving pines on the hill-sides harmoniously united with the ringing tenor of the dancing, sparkling brooks, below them. Such were the scenes through which our way led us for hours. I ardently wished for an artist's hand, that I might describe them as they deserved—but their living beauty remains painted on the canvas of my memory forever.

At Herzberg where we dined, we met with two students on their way to the University at Göttingen, who joined our walk. They were agreeable companions, as every European student whom I have met would be, and we jogged on right merrily and pleasantly together. We passed under the refreshing shade of an *allée* and grove of spreading oaks, and beyond it paused to catch a last view of the distant Harz. In many a curve and angle they rose into the azure sky, themselves almost as blue under the coloring effect of distance. We went by fields and pastures where men, boys and women were gathering in the last sheaves of ripened grain or tending grazing herds of sheep or cows, until at length we reached Gieboldehausen at dark and remained there through

the night. It was a little Catholic town, lying in the heart of this great Protestant region. It exhibited many of the tokens which characterize the seats of the Roman faith, as crucifixes of stone at the outskirts of the village and in the fields around, pictures of the virgin and saints on the walls and in the windows of houses, and I.H.S. above the doors. In the morning as we passed by the church, a fine massive structure in the roundarch style, mass was being said, and throwing down our knapsacks at the door we entered. Several altars glittered with the awing splendor of Catholicism, and a crowd of pious peasant men and women were busy at their devotions.

We climbed over the Red Mountain and reached a little hamlet snugly nestled in a quiet and shady dell, where we moistened our parched lips with clusters of luscious grapes. The road was dusty, the way long, and our limbs weary. We saw that it would hardly be possible to reach Göttingen on foot before dark, and so we contracted with a rough-looking peasant to carry us thither in his huge, rustic and lofty wagon that stood before the door of the inn. We rolled our bodies in the soft hay, stretched ourselves along the sides of the vehicle, and gazed up at the cloudless sky, down upon the yellow fields and variegated forests or off at the towers, villages and mountains that bounded the horizon. Turning the corner of a hill just at sunset, we saw the spires and roofs of Göttingen in the broad valley

far beneath us. Our student comrades struck up, with enthusiastic voices, a glad song of return to study, and descending into the wide and pleasant vale, we soon entered the town.

DREAMS IN GERMANY—V

From the Syracuse Daily Star, Dec. 3, 1852

THERE is in Göttingen, as in most of the university towns of Germany, a little colony of Americans [1]—a spot of Yankee brightness amid the surrounding, oppressive darkness. Young men as all these are, I believe that they worthily and truly represent our country on the ancient soil of Europe; for is not ours the nation of youth? What heart is that which beats so violently in our great and growing body, prompting it sometimes to deeds of the warmest generosity, sometimes moving it to the extreme of ill-natured rage, but the wayward, fickle, easily-excited heart of Youth? And may we not pardonably laugh at times at the odd appearance of the boy-land as it blusteringly puts on the airs of age and wisdom and daringly seems to contrast its years with those of the old-world nations, down through the long channel of whose history the

[1] A valuable and comprehensive article on "The American Students of the University of Göttingen," with an official roll of those in attendance from 1782 to 1910, by Daniel B. Schumway, appeared in *The German American Annals*, Sept.-Dec. 1910. A numerous and distinguished list.

changing waters of a score of centuries have rolled?

As the American students generally dine at his table, the landlord of the hotel where we stopped, an exemplar of Bonifaces, had become a whole-hearted Yankee, hanging his walls with American views and portraits and fearlessly displaying from his windows on all festive occasions the broad banner of the stars and stripes. We shall not soon forget the extreme kindness and courtesy of our fellow countrymen at Göttingen, whom all seemed to respect and honor, nor the pleasant humor, ready wit and hospitable attentions of our really learned host of "The Crown" whose house we found to be a green oasis in the midst of the great desert of uncomfortable hotels that covers all Germany.

Of those blessed and blessing things which have hitherto distinguished artistic Europe from art-ignoring America, Göttingen possesses one of high interest. The valuable University Library of three or four hundred thousand volumes dates its beginning from the middle of the last century and occupies an old church fitted up for its reception by Jerome Bonaparte while King of Westphalia. We spent many hours within its walls of books enjoying with a keen zest the sight of the treasures existing there.

By the kindness of our fellow-pedestrians from the Harz we saw something of the student-life here. I have always loved the life of the European universities—in fancy and books before leaving home

and still more in reality and experience afterwards—seeing in it something more than the rowdy excesses of our Colleges. Intense study and warm emulation are as much its characteristics as beer-drinking and pipe-smoking. Their social meetings are among the few places which remain in the artificial and hypocritical civilized society of our world where man is true to the dictates of his nature, speaking boldly the thoughts that burn within him and manifesting more frequently a generous sympathy and kind consideration for his brothers of the human family. Here for the last time he *lives* before he commences to *act*—for the last time shows himself a human being previous to donning his stage clothes and rushing into the masquerade of life. A proof of this is that among these students glows almost the last spark of liberty on continental Europe, and whenever there is the least hope or thought of enkindling it to a flame the hands and hearts of no class of men are more willingly consecrated to the labor than those of the youth in the universities. And who are those too-puritanic, long-faced men who object to the life they lead? Childhood has its hours of play, age its seasons of rest and tranquillity. Why will they deny to youth alone recreation and enjoyment —to youth, that spring and prime of life when the mind glows with enthusiasm and the body breathes with animation, activity and courage? God grant that I may always cherish a kindly sympathy for

this existence, may always acknowledge its utility and pardon its errors and mistakes. God give and preserve to me a heart ever young enough to enjoy and feel its life, its ambition, its zeal, its good-humor and its untheatrical gaiety.

The days of our sojourn at Göttingen passed swiftly away, and at last in the darkness of middle night we sat in a post-chaise bound for Cassel. The solemnity of silence and oppression of darkness enveloped us, and the motion of the carriage was the only reminder and trace of active life left us. Sleep interrupted now and then the lazy course of thought until the early rays of morning showed us the lovely situation of the town of Minden and the magnificent valley of the Fulda, whose course we followed for some time. The want of a complete night's rest had made my eyes heavy and my brain sleepy, and that is perhaps the reason, when I thought of that morning-ride afterwards, that it came back to me with its gorgeous river and mountain scenery and its painted picturesqueness, like the dim memory of a dream. Soon after this the coach climbed and descended a high range of hills. We entered Cassel.

Here lived and lives the meanest perhaps of all those races of men which, after the measure of Europe, are raised by little power and birth above their fellow-mortals. Now as I am to describe my sensations while in that seat of tyranny and wickedness, I run over the entire vocabulary of the English

language in vain for terms to express my ideas. Were there words which fall like sharp and ringing steel upon the ear, phrases which breathe the redness of living, raging flame, and sentences that glare upon the white paper a burning reflex of anger and sorrow, then my thoughts would take their true and fitting form. But pen and tongue are alike powerless and I am aware that my description will be poor and colorless.

The first object that strikes the eye of the stranger as he enters the accursed and unfortunate Cassel, let him come from any direction, is a vast mass of marble on a hill to the west, piled up into fountains and cascades of a kind that rival those of Versailles in costliness and grandeur. For fourteen years two thousand men toiled constantly upon them and the prince who built them afterwards burned the accounts to hide from his outraged subjects the knowledge of their cost. And, American reader, with what money does thy free mind imagine that he heaped up that enormous and shining mass of splendor? By the sale of his subjects. Not into the bonds of Southern slavery, nor even into the milder chains of Russian servitude. But alike unmindful of the laws of God and the dictates of humanity, as silent to the reproaches of his conscience as to the tears and shrieks of wives, mothers and children, he sent thousands of his brother-men to the wilds of America to fight against a nation struggling for

freedom and to cover with dead images of God the plains and shores of a fair and lovely land. But few ever returned. It is said that he laughed as from time to time tidings of their death came to him, as in accordance with his horrid contract the wages of his sin were in that case doubled. His victims were the Hessians of our war of freedom.

At sight of these results of his satanic bargain my indignation warmed into glowing anger, and no statute of reason or religion could have prevented my saying as I did: Why has an Almighty God cursed the earth with such a breathing thing as this? Never since my life began have I felt an anger half so deep and passionate. It almost stopped the beating of my heart and ran along my limbs with sensations sharper than the most tormenting tremors of a fever. One instant of sober thought, a single moment of reflection and it was gone, and I was myself again, ashamed of the state into which my love of country, and, as I flattered myself, of mankind, had for a little time thrown me.

Add to the crime of this creature the conduct of his descendants who even within the last two or three years have not scrupled to murder and torture their subjects, and then tell me, cool-blooded man, was I too little of a human being in this passionate excitement of mine? Should I ever visit Germany again (as, O land of antiquity and romance, I hope to do) I would go hundreds of miles from my path

to avoid the feelings that so heated my mind and body.

I cannot describe Cassel—I only remember that one hated pile of blood-built magnificence, I only saw as I passed over a square, the statue of that thing of clay that traded in human beings—that sent living tools of slaughter to bind the free men of my country in chains. And had I learned to know each turn and winding of its streets, had I its luxurious baths and magnificent palaces spread out before my memory's gaze like the surface of a map, I would not attempt to paint them to the minds of men.

Once more on the line of rail we passed on towards the Thuringian forest and mountains, stopping a short time at Eisenach where Sebastian Bach was born. High above the town lies the old castle of Wartburg where Luther lived, concealed, after the Diet of Worms. In the room where he studied and in which he translated a part of the Bible, he is said to have had frequent and personal encounters with the meddlesome Prince of Darkness. The story runs that he once threw his weighty, metallic inkstand at the august head of his satanic majesty, who by dodging, unluckily for succeeding generations, escaped the missile; its contents however left their mark upon the wall beyond, where the stains still remain to attest the accuracy of the tradition. Here too was the reputed scene in ages still

earlier, of one of those numberless Catholic legends many of which possess such ingenious beauty that the mind almost longs for their historical confirmation. A holy woman, St. Elizabeth of Thuringia, lived in the antiquated castle, the wife of its Lord. She was possessed of so kindly a heart that she used to relieve the hunger of the poor by personally conveying food to them. Her avaricious, heathenish husband once encountered her engaged at this pious task, and in a voice harsh with the promise of future torment, asked her what she carried in her apron. She said flowers. The unbelieving man tore away the garment and instead of loaves the ground was covered with roses. A miracle had saved the good-doing woman.

We reached Gotha in the evening.

DREAMS IN GERMANY—VI

From the Syracuse Weekly Star, Dec. 18, 1852

AMONG all the things of beauty and of use with which this world has been blessed, there is none which appears in such various forms of loveliness or shapes itself into so many benefits as water. It sparkles in fountains and goes coolingly down the parched and burning throat; it leaps over rocks in misty cascades and willingly grinds the yellow corn and nourishing grain; it spreads itself out in clear, gleaming lakelets or bears on a yet broader bosom the commerce and union of nations. And in few towns are you made gladder by its continual presence than in Gotha. Fountains glance on all the squares and at the end of every street and in every mould and fashion. It bursts forth in spreading plumes, in foaming sheaves and in graceful columns. Out of piles of rocks, out of the mouths of curious figure-heads of iron or stone, from amongst the grass of verdant glades, from the spouts of antiquated pumps and over the sides and edges of sculptured vases flows the cool and twice-blessed water—blessed for its loveliness and blessed for its utility—reflect-

ing from its glassy or sparkling surface a hundred rainbows and sending its joyous influences into the hearts of all men.

The town itself lies half concealed in a valley—a curious and out-of-the-way place, one formed by the depression of a large plain—and is one of the residences of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, a brother of Prince Albert. Except the theatre it possesses few note-worthy edifices, and the ducal palace of Friedenstein is especially ugly. Within and without however this latter building is of interest, as it encloses the best library of the Duchy, and is surrounded by a magnificent park. Our several days' stay in this city was rendered pleasant by some excursions to the places around and by intercourse with the active, enthusiastic and golden-hearted Bayard Taylor, who had just returned from his tour in the lands of the morning and kindly told us tales of his adventures there which rivalled in Oriental splendor and incident the glowing, golden wonders of the Arabian Nights. One of our flights was to a summer residence of the duke on the borders of the Thuringian woodlands—a gem of an edifice set in a landscape of indescribable splendor—and another to a neighboring hamlet where some half-obscure author is buried under a stiff and awkward church of stone. So passed the days dreamily away until the time for departure came.

Our course was for Frankfort.

Passing over a part of the same route by which we had reached Gotha we at length branched off in another direction at the little village of Guntershausen. The day was one of that fickle kind which often occur at this season of the year, of alternate rain and sunshine, resembling a contest between the two, as if the sun was unwilling to yield his summer empire to the humid sway of autumn. The old castles that were scattered along our whole course, standing on isolated and rocky hills, sometimes looked black and gloomy and frowning under the darkening influence of cloud and showers, sometimes stood out less threateningly the grayish, time-stained walls cheeringly illumined by a sunny, rejuvenating brightness. Often, too, the embattled ramparts and loopholed towers of some old fortified city carried my thoughts back to the middle ages, when bombs were as yet uninvented, and little towns sustained sieges of years. I looked in wonder at the picturesque situation of Marburg. The seat of the oldest protestant university of Germany, it lies on the side of a steep hill, its summit crowned by the vast ruins of a feudal fortress, and its base supported by a strong poem in the form of a most beautiful and complete Gothic church. I peered inquisitively down into the bright looking streets of Giessen, until lately the home of Liebig, the celebrated agricultural chemist. We flew along many valleys, superb with the gorgeousness of autumnal nature, and skirted the base of the

romantic heights, castle-crowned and vine-wreathed. Through all this glory of antiquity and splendor of scenery the steaming locomotive coursed, as it seemed to me, with unseeming and cool-blooded rapidity. I would have had it linger to look at the wonders around, and thought that such beauty might have affected even the iron heart of the steam-horse. I longed to study the objects about me slowly and closely, as I would turn over the leaf of an interesting book—to hear the tales which the granite tongues of the ruins could tell, and to listen to the sublime teachings of the forest and hills; but as the long train moved on, only short and rapid views of these noble and thought awakening objects blessed my vision.

And yet I reverence steam. It is a fit symbol of this rapid, energetic, fire-breathing age of ours. Whether on water or on land, it pursues unerringly the shortest path to its goal, as is the apparent tendency of the times—and like the times, too, its impetuosity is sometimes almost incontrollable. Moreover, it has a habit of making much noise and now and then explodes with awing thunder, and the slaughter of men. And on these occasions is it a bad representation and image of one of those violent and sudden revolutions which often occur in our day? The after-world will characterize the first moiety of our century as the age of steam.

I divide *great* poets into two classes—those whom

you love and those whom you admire. Byron and Goethe are the types of the latter division—and yet the two *men* are very and visibly different—the one being impassioned and fiery, the other solid and dignified—the one shadowing forth himself (dimly or distinctly) in all his creations, and the other viewing and describing the world outside of his own mind and affections, writing, as his countrymen say, *objectively*. We do not study any portion of a distinguished man's personal history more willingly than that period which corresponds to our own age at the time. Thus I often fill up my hours of idleness by fancying to myself the younger days of these writers, whom I regard with either affection or wonder. I can imagine Byron, the passionate, wayward youth—the half-opened bud giving a clear indication of the color and kind of the future flower—or can easily call up the form of Scott as a prying, studious boy, listening greedily to the odd and wonderful tales, and telling them again with new beauties. But of Goethe's childhood I can form no conception. To me he was never young. He was widely separated too from Schiller. While the latter takes you warmly and greetingly by the hand, the former, repulsing you from his affections, still compels you to gaze at him admiringly. Schiller possesses your heart. But Goethe can never claim more than your head. Such thoughts, or fancies, rather, does my

imperfect knowledge and study of these two great Germans, teach me.

Thinking so in the ancient, imperial city of Frankfort, I did not look at the birth-place of Goethe or his statue by the life-giving hand of Schwanthaler with the warm and affectionate feelings with which I had previously gazed upon the childhood home of Shakespeare, or the last and narrow abode of the Swedish Tegnér, or as I would have regarded a memorial of Schiller—but with a calmer interest.

Could I use words as the painter uses colors, could I convert this paper into a canvas of glowing tints, then I would give in everlasting light and shade a picture of the wonders that I saw in Frankfort. I would give the reader a representation of the old houses which projected over the way one story beyond the other, so that as you were walking in a street of considerable breadth, looking upward you could only see an inch of blue sky. I would show him in the living distinctness of perspective an image of the old bridge built by the devil for the poor reward of a cock's life, as it stands binding together the shores of the colorless Main and adorned with the statue of the great Emperor of the Franks; and I would paint for him the many memories that still linger about the footprints of Charlemagne and Luther in the palace of the former and the abode of the latter. But unfortunately my pen does not pos-

sess the power of Titian's pencil and I will not attempt the picture.

Went to the theatre in the evening and saw the "Barber of Seville." What a tongue music has!

DREAMS IN GERMANY—VII

From the Syracuse Daily Star, Feb. 1853

LISTEN, untravelled friend, to the story of a day in Europe—a gem of a day set like a diamond in my twenty-one years of existence. The warm and yellow sunshine of autumn gilded the hours of that day, the reverend sense and influence of antiquity pleasantly sobered and bettered its enjoyment, and the majesty of mountains, the laughing beauty of valleys and the broad magnificence of great plains varied its happiness. Listen as memory and my feeble pen narrate the tale.

I went from Frankfort-on-the-Main by the railroad that skirts the base of the Odenwald. One side of the way is continuously lined with castles; on the other the flat lowland stretches away some miles to the banks of the Rhine. On the evening of my arrival (in Heidelberg), I climbed the steep hillside to the renowned castle and gazed at the wonderful scene under the mild and mysterious beauty of moonlight. Never to me has the spiritual of the other world so entered into and changed the material of this. Dreamily, hazily, floated the mellow

rays of the moon upon that landscape of mountain and plain, moving my fancy to the strangest workings; the wonderful influence of silence and the holy effect of night lay upon the entire scene, exciting my imagination and rendering reality unreal. It wanted but fairies to make it the loveliest province of elf-land—but radiant spirits to change it to the most beautiful of angel-worlds. Overpowered by an enchanting sense and perception of beauty, overpowered by the almost over-earthly appearance of the place, I sat down on the balcony and yielded myself up to the mighty influence of the scene around me.

The night was spent at the Hôtel Zum Ritter, a medieval structure of marvelous beauty. Awaking early I clomb up once more to this Northern Alhambra, half-dreading lest the daylight reality should sober down my evening memory of its stony splendor to grave disappointment. But the red dawn made rosy its freestone towers and walls, and soon afterwards, when the coming sun drove the mists of the plains and valleys into the recesses of the mountains and lit up castle, town, river and hilltops with the soft splendor of autumn, I found that I only looked upon the scene in another phase of its magnificence. I stayed there long, musing upon the curious and striking events in the story of this old pile of stones—thinking how it had been connected with so many nations and ages, though perhaps hum-

bly. The early legend of the place, so accordant with the spirit and faith of those superstitious times —the columns over the deep well in the courtyard taken from a palace built by Charlemagne, brought, it is said, by him from Egypt—the story of the reception of Elizabeth, a Princess of England's house of Stuart—the designs of Raphael for the magnificent façade—the sad tale of French spoliation and wanton destruction—all the things of interest connected with this majestic ruin were uttered to my mind's ear as if the carvings, statues and pillars had tongues.

After ascending to the top and groping my way down into the deepest vaults of the ruins, after viewing the huge and world renowned *Tun of Heidelberg* in one of the castle's half subterranean chambers, after walking about the pleasant—ah, how pleasant —grounds, I began the ascent of the stupendous Königstuhl behind. A steep and weary mile brought me to its summit. Here stands a fine *belvidere* or prospect-tower of stone. From the top of it a landscape more sublimely beautiful than any that ever breathed from the canvas of an artist, than any whose narrated and pictured grandeur ever flowed from the point of an author's pen, lay stretched out before me. Rolling below, the Neckar, its waters tinged with the azure hue of the far-off hills that looked down upon its source—in front the great sheet of land extending from Frankfort to Stras-

burg—the silvery thread of the Rhine for some scores of miles—the moody peaks of the Odenwald—the blue mountains of Rhenish France—towns, villages and castles—made up the light and shade, the glorious perspective of that majestic picture.

With what calm and grateful emotions could a man who had reached the allotted age of the human species, whose days had been passed in manly opposition to wrong, and in manly support of right, die on such a spot as this. I cannot believe that it is so very great a step from the highest point of divinely-elaborated nature to the lowest sphere of the spiritual world.

In the afternoon I walked out to the Wolfsbrunnen, a valley-spring a mile or more to the south of the town. The road led picturesquely along the mountain side, considerably above and overlooking the glorious river. The terminus of my walk I found to be a quiet, green nook under the mountains with some small ponds full of the finest and fattest trout, and a house devoted to the cooking, serving up, and eating of the hapless fish. Buying, in book form, the legend connected with this enchanting place, I set out for the town, following the road that so beautifully winds along with the river. I passed under lofty, jagged rocks, under broad, spreading chestnuts, and under the rounding arch of an extremely fine city-gate. At length, after crossing a square or two, I reached my room in the *Zum Ritter*.

Late in the day I was torn away from this lovely place which nature and art have combined to create, by the merciless and unrelenting power of the locomotive. One shrill whistle from the engine and I lost sight of that high and perfect elaboration of nature and of that stately remnant of departed times which had rendered pleasant a score of hours and crowded the sense and feelings of a whole existence into the brief space of a day.

DREAMS IN GERMANY—VIII

From the Syracuse Daily Star, Feb. 23, 1853

THE same emotions that moved the ancient Greek as he knelt before the sculptured form of some one of those demi-gods so frequent in the mythology of antiquity, animated me as I stood a day or two after my visit to Heidelberg before the statue of Gutenberg, in Mentz. That greatest of modern sculptors, Thorvaldsen, had given the god-like look of life to the cold, hard bronze, and I could not help but feel, as I gazed upon it, nearly the same devotion with which I would have regarded the real, breathing father of typography, could he have been placed before me by some necromantic change of time and events. The invention of his ingenious mind has proven to be the parent of modern civilization. To all classes and all races it has been a blessing increasing and rewarding the labors of the learned, and lightening the burdens of the ignorant, multiplying the pleasures and profits of enlightened nations, and indirectly bettering the sad condition of heathen lands. But upon no tract of the broad earth does the spirit and issue of this man's inven-

tion exert a better and brighter influence, or wield a power more pregnant of future good than in our own country. For the freedom of republics can exist in only two conditions of human society. One of these is the almost savage state when the heart of man is as yet unstained by the corruptions of more enlightened ages, when its impulses are natural and its promptings wild and generous. Such, in some degree, was the situation of Republican Rome, such the state of the free cities of early Greece. The other requisite for the enjoyment of liberty is the extreme opposite of the first. When enlightenment is equally diffused, when the poor man and the rich can stand side by side with the marks of cultivated intellect upon the brow of each, then again can fair freedom flourish. Between these two stages the Goddess deigns not to visit mankind. The progress and influence of time have carried us beyond the former of these epochs and the invention of the immortal Gutenberg has brought, or is fast bringing us to the last. With what a warm ardor should we bless the memory of his name and deeds.

I know of but few among the heroes of the world's story whose character I would so gladly have borne, or whose real reputation I so much envy as the character and reputation of Gutenberg. And yet how does the world treat him? The dullest of schoolboys will tell you the bloody tales of Alexanders and Napoleons, and trumpet with his feeble tongue the

fame of a Brutus and a Cromwell, but how few are they who even know the name, much less the story, of this truly noble and worthy claimant of the world's regard. Oh! a pitiful, blind thing is this hero-worship of ours.

The day to which my journey had at last brought me was the day of days. Many of those who do my feeble pen the honor to read these lines have, like me, often lived in imagination whole hours upon the castle-dotted Rhine. While perusing with the intense enthusiasm of youth or the calmer interest of manhood one of those myriad legends which cling about its ruins and its rocks, how have they not wished that their persons possessed the migratory qualities of their fancy and could place themselves among the scenes made glorious by the powerful influence of tradition and events, by both fabulous and genuine history. No stream has played so important a part in the affairs of the world, none has such a claim to the interest of mankind. Upon its banks (beautiful stage for such grand acts!) Cæsar, Charlemagne, Gustavus Adolphus and Napoleon have fought; Tacitus and Luther have written; Gutenberg and Caxton have worked. Here sang the Minnesingers and here Goethe and Schiller and Byron have poured forth the tones of their inspiration. Besides the influence of these things and acts which all have felt, there were feelings more personal

that strongly affected me as I found myself on the Rhenish steamboat.

When a boy of large and uncertain desires I was stimulated by reading to an ardent wish to travel. I read no tale or history to whose scenes I did not transport my mind with a burning and instinctive desire to live in the atmosphere of such events. And often with the kindest and most generous friend of my boyhood, whose tastes were accordant and whose ideas were sympathetic, I had formed plans for roaming along the banks and sailing down the waters of Father Rhine. Now as my hopes were about to be accomplished I felt the absence of that friend keenly and truly, and the memory of his trusting and noble heart gave a shade of interest—a sadder one—to my Rhine journey that it would otherwise have wanted.

I cannot and will not describe that day's voyage. Sages have written folios about this stream and poets have enshrined its beauty and its romance in the altar of breathing and immortal words. How can I then hope to add a single thought to this collection? I saw it all—those places,—the *Mouse Tower*, the *Church of Werner*, *Ehrenbreitstein*, the *Lurlei*, *Roland's Eck*, *Drachenfels*—which had been household words to me so long and the sight of which filled a void in my soul that had existed for years. In a point or two I was somewhat disappointed. The

river was smaller and the vineyards less picturesque than my fancy had painted them; but then what signified single defects when the great whole was so very beautiful, so divinely lovely?

Like all Americans, I believe, as I journeyed I involuntarily compared the river with our majestic Hudson; and under the influence of my impassioned and imaginative feelings I at first thought how sad it was that our noble stream should lack the spirit of romance which makes the German one so beautiful. But a rebuking voice seemed to come out of those picturesque and mossy piles of stone and out of those traditionary hills and rocks: *I am the spirit of bloodshed, sorrow and crime, and I have given to the lordly Rhine its romance and interest.*

The next day was spent in Catholic Cologne—the Rome of the North. Its magnificent cathedral, when finished, will be the highest and noblest monument of architecture and that handiwork of man which approaches nearest to the eternal sublimity of nature. Besides this pile of Gothic the town is full of wonders, traces of the Roman presence, churches lined with the bones of martyrs, and the like. For the book-lover it possesses a separate item of interest over-balancing all others. Here it was that our immortal Caxton printed the first English book. What a progeny has sprung from that first sprout! Leaving this interesting town I crossed into Belgium. Aix-la-Chapelle, or Aachen, was almost the last Ger-

man town through which I passed. It was the seat of Charlemagne's might, and in spite of my republican indignation at the faithless perfidy of the shallow-brained king of Prussia, I was glad that the capital of the great monarch was still in the possession of those who speak a language descended from and nearly allied to his own—a language which he is said to have warmly loved and to whose thin and scattered literature he devoted an attention worthy of the most ardent praise when we recollect with what a contempt all the barbarian tongues were then regarded. The speech of his followers on the throne of France, like their customs and manners, has yielded to the influence of the weaker and more effeminate South, and almost all traces of the free and manly idiom of their forefathers have long since vanished from the mouths of the French people.

Such is a rough and imperfect narrative of the pleasure I experienced during my short and too hasty journey in the land of the Germans. It was to me a continued and happy dream. If my rough sketches of those sunny days may serve to while away a single moment of the time of those many and kind friends whom I left in the city of my home, the grateful memory of whose friendship and the hope of whose favor have often encouraged me during my absence, my object in writing them will have been accomplished.

man newspapers are far ahead of those of England and France. In details they are very accurate, none of those absurd geographical blunders made by the Times and other English journals ever occurring to German editors. Even in the department of American correspondence, the Allgemeine Zeitung, of Augsburg, greatly excels its English rival, the Times. Its New York letters are sober, dignified, truthful and well-written.

The tone of the leading English journal is excessively bitter against us. For several weeks editorial after editorial, full of sarcasm, prevarication and open falsehood, has appeared in its columns, directed against the North, its men and its measures. This is the more unfortunate because the heads of its leaders are telegraphed as news all over the Continent. But the American question has become for the Times a question of life or death. The removal of the advertisement tax, the abolition of the paper duty, and the large circulation since achieved by the new penny sheets have already undermined its influence in England, and if the North should succeed, after it has so often and unblushingly prophesied the contrary, the Times would soon sink to the level of ordinary journalism.[1]

[1] In 1863 Mr. Fiske writes home as follows:

"Public sentiment in England has undergone a most wonderful change since the publication of the Emancipation Proclamation. [Jan. 1, 1863.] You cannot take up an English

In this city, the capital of the old German empire, a great festival was held the other day. This was the first assemblage of the National Riflemen's Union, an organization founded two years ago. The old town was decorated with banners and evergreens, the squares echoed the sounds of music and shouting, and the streets were filled with dense crowds of riflemen in their picturesque green and gray shooting-jackets and turned-up hunting-hats. The festivities drew an immense concourse of visitors from all parts of Germany. Special buildings, resembling in some respects our State Fair structures, were erected just outside the city. Prizes of greater or less value were offered by all the cities and corporations of the country. Even from German associations in Philadelphia, London, and other foreign cities, presents were sent in to be divided among the successful riflemen. Among these was a splendid American banner, which led to frequent notices of America at the great banquets which were held daily. The speakers—some

paper without being struck by this glaring fact—the friends of the North have largely increased, both in numbers and activity. I confidently predict that a few weeks more will place the whole English nation,—the Times, Government and all,—openly upon our side, if the North only stands boldly up to the humanity, the right and the glory of the President's noble proclamation. Meetings are being held everywhere throughout Great Britain, where the heartiest sympathy is boldly expressed in favor of the Federal Government."

of them among the first men of Germany, uniformly expressed a hearty sympathy for the North.

This large assembly lasted for several days and is of the greatest importance as a political movement. The Riflemen's Union owes its establishment to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, brother of Prince Albert. Its object is indirectly to promote a feeling of union among the people, and to prepare them for ultimate formation of one single, powerful nation out of the thirty-eight petty nations into which Germany is now divided. In Frankfort, therefore, during the festive days, just concluded, the shouts were all for a united Germany. The banners were all the black-red-and-gold colors of a national unity. The Duke is really a noble, patriotic man, and is loved by the masses, who give him the pet name of "the Coburger." With prudence, energy and long life, he may succeed in creating a great land, containing fifty millions of people, and stretching from the Baltic to the Adriatic. Such a nation would necessarily form the foremost power of Europe. At any rate Americans can draw a lesson from these new political efforts. While Italy has almost obtained a national unity, and Germany is struggling to compass the same object, let us never give up our own national union, leaving our children to suffer for ages, as Italy and Germany have done, the disastrous effects of national disintegration.

Next to the American war, the movements of Gari-

baldi are now occupying the attention of Europe. The general opinion, even among liberals, is that the brave, honest old man has been led into a mistake in thus arraying himself against his sovereign. The continued possession of Rome by the Pope and the French soldiers is doubtless very annoying to the Italian people, but it is a matter which can be better settled by the slow ways of diplomacy than by the fearful hazards of war. We await news from Sicily, where Garibaldi and the young recruits are endeavoring to embark for their rash venture, with great anxiety.

FOREIGN LETTERS

CITY OF VIENNA—THE PEOPLE, AND HOW THEY LIVE—THE CARNIVAL—GERMAN POLITICS, ETC.

Correspondence of the Syracuse Journal, March 4, 1863

Vienna, January 15, 1863

VIENNA is altogether a curious town and the Viennese a curious people. In the whole city and its suburbs there is not a single street which even looks as if it were trying to be straight. No gutter separates the sidewalk from the carriage-way, so that the vehicles when hard-pressed, as they very often are, do not scruple to betake themselves to the part reserved for foot-passengers. The pedestrian is thus obliged to keep his eyes open, or to allow himself to be unpleasantly run over by the murderously inclined Jehus. What makes the matter worse is that the houses are of such enormous size, frequently accommodating a hundred or two families, that, in order to straighten and widen the principal thoroughfares only, the city would be obliged to expend an enormous sum of money. The palaces

are numerous, as all the great Hungarian and Bohemian magnates live here at least a part of the year. But few of them are of much external beauty. Many of the inferior nobility and the wealthy merchants own also grand houses, but only inhabit the first (or as we should call it the second) story, renting the remainder of the building out to families. In a room or two on the ground floor lives the "housemaster," or porter, who has the supervision of the whole house. In the larger of the dwellings, as you pass them in the daytime, you will see him standing, dressed in gorgeous livery and leaning upon a formidable baton of state, in the open port—that is, in the door, which is always so large that horses and carriages can pass through it into the court-yard. Formerly all the houses in the city, and in each suburb, were numbered, commencing with "number one" here, and jumping into another street for "number two," and so on, for some thousands. People advertised that they lived in house 2,999, but in what street you were utterly unable to guess. Now, our system of numbering each house in each street has been introduced into the suburbs, and is soon to be adopted in the city. The great doors of the houses are all locked precisely at ten o'clock, and if you are out later custom requires that you should give the "housemaster," when he opens them, a "ten-kreuzer bill," a bank-note about the size of our postage currency, which represents a value in

our money equivalent to about five cents. Gas is never, or very rarely introduced here, except into the shops and public buildings. Rocking-chairs are utterly unknown. The beds are execrable beyond all description. Generally they have but one sheet —the under one—and no blankets. The covering consists of a feather or down bed, which is too hot in summer to be supportable, and of too small dimensions to be comfortable in winter. It seems to be a part of the religion of the natives never to change the little linen used upon their beds, oftener than once a fortnight, and it requires prayers and supplications of the most urgent kind to induce them to do even this. The stoves are very comfortable, being built of brick and mortar, overlaid with porcelain, or in the newer houses of thick iron. The windows are generally small and always double, so that the little light which struggles into the apartment may be proud of its success in overcoming so many obstacles. The water is not very good, though fountains crowned with the bronze or sand-stone statue of some saint are almost always to be found in every square. This water is carried round to the houses by women and sold at so much per tub full. The tubs in which they transport it, and which are used to carry home groceries, marketing, etc., and generally as substitutes for baskets, are very curious. They are of thick wood, precisely like a butterfirkin, with one side flattened, and are then strapped

on the back. As you pass along the streets you meet every minute men, women and boys, with these singular tubs, whose weight compels them to stoop so much that they can see little more than the pavement.

A remarkable part of Viennese life is that which is spent in the restaurants and coffee-houses. These establishments have each of them a head-waiter, who receives no salary, but who is, on the contrary, generally obliged to pay the wages of the waiters next in rank to him, and to furnish all the oil, vinegar, salt and pepper consumed in the house. The way he does it is this: after paying him for what you have eaten or drunk, you are obliged to lay on the table, in a restaurant at least three kreuzers, and in a coffee-house at least two kreuzers, for his benefit. His receipts thus amount in a large establishment to several florins a day. One waiter has also the benefit of all the cigars he can sell, for his salary. All the waiters wear dress-coats. In every restaurant there are always two or more boys who do nothing but supply the customers with beer or wine. You can order nothing to eat from them. The coffee-houses are some of them very handsome. They sell nothing but coffee, chocolate, tea, bread, brandy, liquors and ice-cream. For meats, soups, puddings, beer, and sometimes for wine, you must go to a restaurant. They are very crowded in the early morning, and again after dinner, and in the evening.

They have a good supply of newspapers from all parts of Europe, billiards, chess and card tables. No Viennese who can afford it neglects to visit one of these coffee-houses after dinner, to get his cup of black coffee and smoke his cigar. Most of them also have pipes, which they fill for your use, putting into the end of the tube a clean quill as a mouth-piece, for each fresh smoker.

The churches of Vienna are very numerous, but, with the exception of St. Stephen's, with its superb and florid Gothic, none of them are very handsome. They are open every day until twelve, and generally contain numerous chapels, where during the forenoon more or less worshippers, chiefly women and old men, may be found upon their knees on the bare pavement. Some of these religious edifices, in spite of their ugliness, are interesting. In the church of the Augustines is a superb marble tomb by Canova, to the memory of an Austrian Archduchess, representing a troop of old men, maidens and children carrying flowers into the open portal of a great pyramidal mausoleum. On the other side of this portal an angel lies weeping upon a recumbent lion. In the church of the Benedictines all the members of the Imperial family, during the last century and a half, lie buried. They are all in metallic coffins in a series of vaults, through which you wander with a melancholy sigh that so many Hapsburgs have ever lived, and with a melancholy feeling of satisfaction

that so many of them are dead. They have at last become so numerous that in some parts they have placed the coffins one upon another. In one little side-vault you can see a large pile of Imperial babies, reaching almost to the roof. Here is a fine tomb to the memory of Maria Theresa's imperial husband, and two rather plain coffins containing the bones of the unfortunate Duke of Reichstadt (Napoleon II), and of his mother the ex-Empress of France, Marie Louise. In the Italian church there is a large and magnificent mosaic picture, an exact copy of Michael Angelo's Last Supper. It was made at Milan, by order, I believe, of Napoleon I. Here, too, is a very good monument to the Italian poet, Metastasio, who, however, is buried in the church of St. Michael.

Beethoven is buried in one of the cemeteries outside of the town. A few paces from his tomb is that of Schubert, the song composer. In another burial-place, on the opposite side of the town, rest Haydn and Standigl. A statue of the latter surmounts his tomb. The place where Mozart was interred is not known. I have been, however, in the garden where he composed the greater portion of his Magic Flute. I have also visited the house where Haydn lived many years, and in which he died. The street on which it stands is now called Haydn street.

Most of the shops here, as well as all the inns, have names, many of them very peculiar. What do

you think, for instance, of such handbills as these, all of which I have seen posted on the walls here: "Great Concert to-morrow (Sunday) evening in the Eye of God." "The Holy Trinity must be sold out before the end of the month, owing to a close of the business." The "Eye of God" and the "Blue Lord God" are inns, the "Holy Trinity," a dry goods store. Some of the shops have very handsome signs, of no inconsiderable merit as works of art. One on an apothecary's shop represented God, the Son and the Dove, the name of the establishment being also the "Holy Trinity." The Virgin, many saints, the popular prince of the Imperial family, the virtues, etc., are the stock whence the inventive shopkeepers draw cognomens for their warehouses. The stores are all small but their owners manage to make some fine displays in their windows. In the meerschaum shops the size and beautiful carvings of the pipes are wonderful. The art stores, the toy shops, the booksellers, and the establishments for fancy wares generally have crowds of curious people at their windows. The tobacco dealers all surmount their doors with the imperial arms, tobacco being a government monopoly. The tobacconists generally sell also newspapers and lottery-tickets. By the purchase of these last, thousands of poor, laborious people throughout Austria manage to keep themselves poor throughout their lives.

Vienna supports a large number of weekly humor-

ous sheets, such as the "Ki-Keri-Ki" (Cock-a-doodle-doo), "Vienna Punch," "Figaro," and so on. The dailies are also quite numerous, but small. Some of them issue an evening edition of entirely new matter, printed on a sheet half the size of the morning edition. Most of them are quite liberal in politics, and, as far as they express any opinion on the subject, take the Northern side in our National quarrel. The press law, however, is pretty strict, and every few days you read that the editor of some journal, especially of some humorous journal, has been arrested charged with high treason, or with an attempt to disturb the public peace. Hungarian editors manage to keep themselves nearly always in hot water.

The situation of Vienna is not bad. If you once manage to get outside of the city and its enormous suburbs, you have some interesting views. A chain of respectable mountains—a spur thrown off by the distant Alps—approaches to within four or five miles of the city, terminating with the Kahlenberg, whose convent-crowned summit is visible from the house-tops of the town. These mountains, of which a dozen rounded peaks may be seen stretching off to the southward from the Kahlenberg, are much resorted to by the citizens in the summer—or rather the towns and villages which lie along their base. From the Kahlenberg you can see the Danube sweeping along its course for many miles—the short canal which leaves the Danube above the town runs through the

city and enters the river again three miles below—and finally the city itself, with its towers and roofs, its broad glacis and its railroad lines—all lying at your feet. It was a mistake, I think, that Vienna was not built a little nearer to these mountains, and directly on the banks of the Danube, instead of three miles off.

There are plenty of omnibuses running in every direction, looking like ordinary carriages with half an omnibus stuck on the end of them. A door in the side, near the front end, admits you into the coach part, where no smoking is allowed, and which has two seats running across the vehicle. Another door at the rear end affords entrance to the smoking coupé, having two seats running lengthwise, as in our street stages. The prices of these vehicles are always raised a few kreuzers on Sundays and festival days.

We are now in the midst of the Carnival, which began with the festival of the Three Holy Kings, or "Twelfth Night," a few days since. The shop windows are full of masks and dominoes, and masquerades are the order of the day. Every night a half-dozen of these masked balls take place, some of them of considerable splendor. The masks represent the faces of all human and inhuman beings, and I even noticed one very fine image of an elephant's physiognomy, trunk and all, hanging up for sale. I see at all the pastry-cooks a sign posted on the door,

affirming that "Carnival-cakes" are manufactured there. The concerts are numerous during this, and all the winter season. Richard Wagner has just given three, consisting of selections from his unpublished operas, performed by an immense orchestra, at one of which I was present and listened to "the music of the future." Laub and Alfred Jaell have also just closed a series of three concerts, given jointly. And Gustav Satter, a Viennese by birth, having returned from America, has just appeared at his first concert. You cannot imagine a more musical city than this. Its inhabitants are all melody-mad. In the common restaurants of the suburbs is generally to be seen an immense music-box, reaching from floor to ceiling, and provided with a dozen or more wheels or cylinders, which can be inserted at pleasure, and each of which represents a different air. As you eat, therefore, you are regaled with the loud tones of this huge music-machine, and swallow your beef and potatoes to the tune of God Save the King, or to the overture of William Tell. They are not badly constructed, and are a vast improvement on the hand-organ.

The cooking of Vienna is, next to that of Paris, the most celebrated on the Continent. Each restaurant offers you a great variety of dishes, soaked in an interminable number of sauces. Hare and venison are not much dearer than beef. Tomatoes are only eaten in a sauce made out of the preserved

vegetables. Butter, which is poor and dear, ranging from twenty-five to thirty-five cents per pound, is very rarely eaten; I have never seen anybody call for it yet. The breakfast of everybody consists of bread and coffee only. The butter is never salted, and if you call for it, the waiter brings you a piece of a pale, tallow-like substance, generally flavored with garlic, and a little dish of salt beside it, so that you can salt to your taste. The commonest kind of cheese tastes very much like our "Schweizer Käse," and costs about as much as butter—perhaps a little less: say twenty cents per pound. It is here called "Emmenthaler," but then there are many better kinds, the best being, perhaps, the Parmesan, which is hard and old. But cheese, though eaten more than butter, is still much less used here than in North Germany and along the Rhine. The two meals of the day are in fact the dinner between twelve and two, and the dish of meat which every one eats with his mug or two of beer in the evening, at the restaurant.

I stumbled accidentally one afternoon into the Chess Club, which is situated in some rooms attached to a coffee-house here. It is quite an aristocratic affair, including field-marshals, generals, counts and barons in large numbers. I found in its library of some thirty volumes a copy of the Congressbook,[1]

[1] *Book of the First American Chess Congress* (1857), edited by Mr. Fiske.

and found that I was known to all of the members by name. As yet I have not, however, played a single game. They always play for a stake of twenty kreuzers (ten cents) the game. The best players are Hampe, Jeney and Pitschel. The last-named is perhaps the best of all. He is a photographist, dines every day at the same restaurant with me, and very frequently visits me. He is a Saxon, and is a clever, intelligent, well-read fellow. At the Club, too, I generally meet Willmers, the pianist, who is a Dane and speaks very good English. He wants to go to America and give a series of concerts. He says that his great forte is improvisation upon themes selected by his audience. He has asked me several times to visit him, but as he lives in a distant suburb I have not yet managed to make my way out to him. Count Pongraez, the problemist, a clever old gentleman, sometimes spends an evening at the Club, although he lives at some distance from the city. He is problem-crazy. The numerous military men who attend the Club, make it look quite gay of an evening. Morphy, as I learn from the papers, is in Paris, but has not yet played, owing to the "unfortunate condition of his country, and the fatigues of his escape from the South through the blockading squadron and of the ocean voyage." Perhaps since he has heard of the battle of Fredericksburg his nerves have been quieted and he has resumed play.

In Germany there are constantly political flare-

ups, generally making considerable smoke, but always ending in producing very little fire. But just now it looks as if something was going to break loose. The King of Prussia has been for many months at loggerheads with the lower house of his parliament. The battle has been gradually waxing warmer on both sides. The vast majority of the people support their representatives. The parliament has lately met again, and neither of the combating parties appears inclined to yield. German politics is such an unreliable thing, that you can never prophesy, with any great certainty, the course of things for a week ahead. But both the king and his ministers, with the conservative and reactionary press on the one side and the members of the lower house and the liberal newspapers on the other, say some very bold things. They appear to have gone so far that neither king nor people can back out gracefully, and I am curious to see the end of the matter. If things break in Prussia, all the rest of Germany will sooner or later follow suit, and the old empire will probably be restored.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE

THE POLISH REVOLUTION—OBSERVANCE OF LENT—IMPORTANCE OF A UNION VICTORY—SURROUNDINGS OF VIENNA

Correspondence of the Syracuse Journal, April 2, 1863

Vienna, March 8th, 1863

ADELINA PATTI is here, and the Viennese are as crazy about her as the Londoners and Parisians before them. The house is crowded every night at very high prices, and the city abounds in her photographs, of all shapes and sizes. The journals are full of her praise.

Being in the vicinity of the revolution which has lately broken out in Poland, we hear its details from day to day. Although the sympathy here as elsewhere is for the struggling Poles, the chances are against them. Unless Langiewicz, who is the most able leader of the insurgents, shall turn out a perfect Garibaldi, the rebellion will doubtless be crushed within a very few weeks. It is evident that France will do nothing without England, and prudent,

money-loving, selfish England has no idea of spending her blood and precious treasure to prevent the butchery of a few thousand Polish families. England doesn't fight for ideas, and France does it only when there is a big strip of additional territory under the idea.

The carnival is over, and we are in the midst of Lent. Of course all the gay Austrians who crowded the hundred mask-balls which were given here in February, are now doing penance in severe sackcloth and ashes. If your eyes are sharp enough you can see the thousands of penitents, shorn of their false faces and gay robes, crowding the churches and seeking to atone for their sins. My visual organs are filled with Viennese dust and I don't see any such thing. I know that there are many dishes of fish on the restaurant bills of fare, but beef, and veal, and mutton are still plenty. I don't believe that the fish-eaters are the people who have most need of fasting. I go into a church at morning mass. It is tolerably well-filled with devout old women, maid-servants, children and beggars. Do you mean to tell me that these are the people who danced, and theatred, and made themselves merry during the rollicking days of the carnival? Alas, the true carnival-sinners are not yet ready to repent.

The weather here for the last few weeks has been charming, the sun being as bright and the air as mild as in May. The oldest looker-on in Vienna

never witnessed anything like it. The Emperor and the gay imperial court ride daily in the Prater, where thousands of unimperial persons assemble to gape at the brilliant cortège of carriages. On an occasional Sunday I have the honor of being one of these uncourtly individuals, whose carriages and horses are still in those airy stables attached to our Spanish castles, and you should see the mien of humility with which I doff my hat to some passing archduke. In spring, when the trees are green, the Prater must be delightful.

We are waiting with intense anxiety to hear from Charleston and Vicksburg. A rumor is circulating to-day that Napoleon, disgusted with Mexico, is about to make peace with Juárez, and withdraw his troops from the Mexican territory. If the story should prove true, will his troops go back to France, or will they be landed at Mobile, and the whole weight of the French Empire be thrown into the Southern scale against the North?

This is a question which a few weeks will settle. If you meanwhile take Vicksburg and Charleston, it will probably avert the designs of the Emperor. Otherwise look out for French armies and fleets. I think a war against the North would not be unpopular in France. The French workman, more ignorant than the English laborer, knows that he is suffering for want of cotton. He sees that the Northern blockading ships prevent his getting this

material. If the Emperor chooses to make an attack upon us under the name of a "cotton war," the ignorant lower classes of the empire will be very apt to applaud. And Napoleon is well aware that as long as these working-classes are satisfied with him his dynasty is safe. Keep your eyes open for breakers.

I made a journey the other day to Schönbrunn, the imperial palace situated a short distance southwest of the city. It is a little like Versailles, though not much. The palace lies a little way in front of a range of hills. Between it and these hills are the gardens, with fine alleys of old trees and lofty clipped hedges in the old style. Further back, set in the hillside, are some fine fountains and cascades, with artificial ruins. Then rise the hills, which have been terraced to the top, where stands a sort of airy structure on columns, more like a piazza without a house behind it than anything I can think of. To the roof of this you ascend, and enjoy a magnificent view on every side. The city lies before you a little to the right, with the tall tower of St. Stephen's and the innumerable spires of the other churches. At your left extending for many miles, are mountain summits. Behind you are meadows and fields and scattered villages. Of course close around you lie the palace, park, gardens, ponds and fountains of Schönbrunn. The building from which you obtain this fine prospect is called the Gloriette. In the park is a menagerie, not very large but containing

some fine bears and lions and a large number of water-fowl. In the palace died the youthful son of Napoleon the Great and Marie Louise—Napoleon the Second, as they call him in France—it is said in the very room which his father occupied as a bed-chamber, at the time he captured Vienna.

I am beginning to lose my German and to speak Austrian. I went the other night to a lager-beer saloon, to hear one of the numerous bands of Folk-singers, as they are called, which traverse the city singing each evening in some one of the beer-houses. A piano is hired, a small platform introduced. The musicians, consisting of from four to eight singers and a pianist, make their appearance about seven, and the concert begins. After every two or three pieces one of the singers passes around the plate to collect the kreuzers from the new-comers. Everybody is expected to give at least two kreuzers (five cents). The music (there is nothing but male voices) consists of songs, duets, trios, etc., mostly comic and sung in costume, nearly all of which are in the Austrian dialect, that is, the corrupt German spoken by the lower classes here, of which I manage to understand about one-half. My friend Pitschel, who is from Saxony, says that he lived in Vienna two years before he entirely understood the Viennese dialect. It is not unpleasant and has a rollicking, jolly sound when put to music.

The number of languages spoken here is immense.

In an afternoon in any respectable coffee-house, you will be sure to hear, besides German, Hungarian, Polish, Italian, the Saxon of Transylvania, and Bohemian. You meet in the street daily men and boys dressed in ragged fustian, and wearing around their shoulders, or attached to their waist a wire on which tin cups, basins, rat-traps, etc., are slung. These I for a long time took to be gypsies. They are, however, Croats from the Austrian province of Croatia, between here and Turkey, and speak a Slavonic langauge. Greeks, Turks, Dalmatians, Montenegrins, Slavonians, are plenty here. The Poles and Hungarians wear a very picturesque costume. The Tyrolese, all of whom are intensely Austrian and bigoted Catholics, are frequent, and you know how charming is their national dress.

"A LOOKER-ON IN VIENNA"

THE POLISH REVOLUTION—AMERICAN ART—PAUL MORPHY—EAGERNESS TO ENLIST IN THE AMERICAN ARMY—THE CARNIVAL—GUSTAV SATTER ABROAD, ETC.

From the Hartford Evening Press, April 1, 1863

Vienna, March 10, 1863

AN ingenious foreign correspondent might just now fill up his space with a thousand delightful sensation rumors. He might tell you of the alleged slaughters in Poland; of the lamentable stupidity of that great Protestant potentate, William of Prussia; of the much gossiped about probabilities of another war between the powers of the East and the West upon a larger basis than the Crimean struggle; and of the gleaming light in the East presaging to sanguine eyes the dawning of a great Greek empire enthroned as of old in imperial Byzantium. He might indulge your readers with the rose-tinted day-dreams of the European radicals, whose credulous visual organs see in the dispute between the Prussian monarch and the Prussian people the door

of German unity already opening, and who rapturously welcome the Polish insurrection as the first flame of a general revolutionary conflagration, which, like the fires kindled in Italy in 1848, shall sweep over the whole continent. But the present writer, not being ingenious, and not believing in German revolutions or European wars until he shall hear the roar of the wide-mouthed artillery, will refrain from all such tempting sensation bits. Sad as many of the events transpiring in Poland appear to be, too little is still known—although I write six weeks after the outbreak and in the European capital nearest to the scene of conflict—about the relative positions of the contending parties to enable any foreign correspondent, ingenious or otherwise, to judge of the probable result. We only know that the affair has caused a great flurry among the English, French and other diplomatists, who will doubtless proceed to write the usual number of dispatches, protocols and memoranda. But nobody will fight for the poor Poles. France is not going to attack either Russia or Prussia unless she can prevail upon England to make common cause, and England doesn't fight for ideas. Speeches in parliament and articles in newspapers the unhappy Sarmatians can have in abundance, but prudent, money-loving, selfish England wouldn't fight to save unnumbered thousands of Polish families from the bayonets of the Cossacks. The only hope for the land of Kosciusko is Maryan Lan-

giewicz, by all odds the ablest leader which the revolt thus far has brought to the surface. If he should prove to be a Garibaldi, with Garibaldi's happy faculty of doing impossible things, there is still a chance of Polish independence.

American art has achieved another triumph, as the established phrase runs. One of Mr. George H. Boughton's superb little cabinet pictures is generally regarded by the London press as the gem of this year's exhibition at the British Institution. The *Times* in an article wholesalely severe upon the exhibitors as a mass, including several Royal Academicians, makes an exception in favor of "Passing into the Shade," regarding it as in marked contrast to the paintings which surround it, and then giving a warm analysis of its beauties. The *Daily News* and the weekly journals agree with the *Times* in placing the American picture above everything in the exhibition. The last *Illustrated News* has an engraving of another of Mr. Boughton's works, taking care to state that the editors of that sheet were among the very first to recognize the rising genius of the transatlantic artist.

Happening to be in Munich some few weeks ago I saw packed in a huge wagon, already brown with exposure to the weather, and standing in front of the famous bronze foundry, two of Crawford's doors for the capitol. "They are," said the superintendent of the foundry which has cast such a multitude

of the best works of the best sculptors during the last quarter of a century, "they are the most beautiful work of art which has ever passed through our hands. As soon as they were completed all Munich flocked to see them, and nothing ever seen in this town of art was ever so unanimously praised." I did not inquire specifically into the matter, but I ascertained that it is owing to some neglect on the part of the proper authorities in Washington, that these admirable specimens of our greatest sculptor's skill have been lying for months in that rotting wagon in front of the Munich foundry. So much every visitor, to the yearly number of thousands, learns. Will you not ask the worthy superintendent of the capitol enlargement at Washington what it all means?

Paul Morphy, the chess-player, intensely rebel, I believe, in his sentiments, is living in Paris. He seems to be somewhat cast down in view of the war, and writes thus to a friend [1] in Vienna: "We are all following with intense anxiety the fortunes of the tremendous conflict now raging beyond the Atlantic, for upon the issue depends our all in life. Under such circumstances you will readily understand that I should feel little disposed to engage in the objectless strife of the chess board."

And again he says: "I have, for my own part,

[1] Probably Mr. Fiske, who edited the *Chess Monthly* with Morphy, 1857-60.

resolved not to be moved from my purpose of not engaging in chess hereafter. The few games that I have played here have been altogether private and *sans façon.*" The chess-players of Paris and the various magazines devoted to that game which are published in Europe are endeavoring to persuade him to alter this determination and to meet the new players who have arisen since his previous visit to Europe.

The applications for enlistment in our army continue to be very numerous at all our embassies and consulates in Europe. Not only officers and physicians offer themselves, but also large numbers of persons who are ambitious for nothing higher than a place in the rank and file. So frequent are these occurrences, as I am assured, at our foreign missions, that, from data already obtained, it would seem that if our government chose to charter the "Great Eastern" and run her between Bremen or Hamburg and New York, a monthly addition of ten thousand men might easily be made to our forces in the field, and that too of men who have already served in continental armies. But we trust that we have no need of such extraneous help.

In this metropolis the great item of news is concentrated in a few words: The carnival is ended. There are no more masked balls with their riot revelry; no more *evenings of folly*, as they are styled, where only male masks are admitted, and unhealthy

nonsense holds sway; no more noisy dances in suburban inns, where Jack and Gill spend their last six months' savings in ten hours of merry-making. We are in the midst of Lent, and the wanton revellers have all put on the repentant sackcloth and ashes. If you have eyes of sufficient sharpness, you may see them hurrying to morning mass or evening vespers eager to atone for the wanton wickedness of those carnival days. You enter gray St. Stephen's during service and witness a crowd of old women, maid-servants, children, beggars and cripples, kneeling in eager devotion upon the pavement. These are doubtless (?) those who thronged a few weeks since the splendid ball-rooms, the brilliant masquerading-halls, the glaring seats of folly! Alas, carnival sinners do not always repent. The mask of riot and the domino of folly are not always thrown off as the first day of the lenten fast dawns.

A melancholy incident marked the close of the carnival. Your readers will doubtless remember one Señor Muruaga, who some years ago, while attaché to the Spanish legation near our court, had a disgraceful affair in which the names of a celebrated Washington banker and his daughter were much mentioned. Shortly after the above event Muruaga was transferred by his government to this city, where he became Secretary to the Spanish embassy. He manifested his true character here and a duel ensued between him and Count Rechberen,

secretary to the Dutch legation. The alleged cause was of course a woman, wife of a wealthy Viennese merchant. The Dutchman, only son of one of the richest noblemen in Holland, fell mortally wounded at the first fire of the Spaniard. Muruaga has since fled the city.

A more cheerful subject is the advent of Adelina Patti. We Viennese have only seen her as yet in two rôles, but we have lost our senses as irretrievably as the Londoners and Parisians did before us. We pay treble the usual price for tickets, and then stand up during three hours of *La Sonnambula*. On the first day of her arrival here thirty-four photographers, actuated only by the highest love of art, offered her their gratuitous services. In one part of the city Winterhalter's portrait of the new goddess of song is on exhibition "for the benefit of the poor weavers thrown out of employment by the American war." In another part a person advertises an "automaton Patti" in large posters; but your correspondent is content to hear the original. In this city, where Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, and Schubert lived and died, where scores of concerts are given nightly, and where the people live on music, the sober critical opinion seems to be that her voice is by no means equal to that of Jenny Lind, but superior to that of any operatic singer since the retirement of the celebrated Swede, while, when her youth, beauty, freshness, and winning ways are thrown into the scale, we

are perfectly satisfied in shouting *bravas* to the extent of our lungs, and in throwing bouquets to the extent of our purses. So we follow the behests of musical criticism.

Among the innumerable concert-givers here this season have been two known to Americans, Alfred Jaell and Gustav Satter, both Austrians. The former was eminently successful. Richard Wagner, the music-of-the-future man, has also given a series of musical matinees, aided by an orchestra of 150 performers. The pieces were all selections from his own compositions, and his audiences were immense and enthusiastic.

Arrangements are already making here for one of those monster international exhibitions which have become so popular of late years. It is to comprise, like similar displays in London and Paris, the industry of the world, and will take place in 1865. There is no question that under the quickening influences of a constitutional government the manufacturers of Austria are now developing themselves as never before. I mean of course to refer only to German, Bohemian and Polish Austria. Neither Hungary nor the Slavonic provinces of the empire have given their adhesion to the new constitution. As a consequence of their anomalous position, progress in every department is at a stand-still in those lands. The same is also true of Austrian Italy.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS

Correspondence of the Syracuse Journal, June 2, 1863

Vienna, May 8th, 1863.

THE political cauldron of Europe is seething just now with unwonted activity. Will it boil up into war? This is the question which the press on this side of the ocean is busily engaged in discussing. Shall I give you the general opinion upon this point, as represented by the leading newspapers? Here you have it. After a constant and close perusal of the principal journals of the great European capitals, I think I see clearly that if peace does not continue, war will come! In sober earnest, diplomacy has in these later times usurped the place of politics and has so permeated every branch of public life, that you can no longer gather any real idea of public opinion from the press of the old world. Editors have learned to use with a singular facility all the diplomatic jargon, the technical terms, meaningless phrases, subtle definitions and verbose rhodomontade which make up the vocabulary of European statesmanship. They talk glibly of protests and

protocols, joint notes and identical notes, solidarity and mobilization, autonomies and hegemonies, until it requires a reader far wiser than the writer to extract one glimpse of actual meaning from a leading article. But wading my weary way as well as may be through this slough of verbiage, I will endeavor to present in a brief space a hasty view of the present political position of the prominent continental powers.

NAPOLEON AND FRANCE

No real freedom exists in France. The press is manacled; political assemblies are stringently prohibited and the election of deputies to the lower house of the legislative body is notoriously a farce, being so conducted by the government as to render it impossible for the Liberals to obtain even a respectable minority, no matter what the will of the nation may be. The Emperor is in fact the nation. How long this will continue to be the case depends entirely upon the ability of the Emperor. If a question arises beyond the capacity of Napoleon to solve, there is nothing in the form of government which he has established which will prevent his fall. Such a question may possibly be that of finance. Every year the debt and the taxes increase, and will continue to do so as long as the military exigencies are maintained upon the present immense scale. But

if a reform is attempted, if the requisite retrenchment takes place in the army, can the dynasty exist? Meanwhile, French manufacturers, deprived to a considerable extent of the American market, have suffered scarcely less than those of England, and a feeling of dissatisfaction is gaining ground. The Mexican war is costly and too distant to excite much national interest. The Emperor, as he feels himself shaking, will undoubtedly plunge into a foreign war nearer home. The Frenchman's love of *gloire* and his pride in the historical reputation of the French army upon the battle-field of Europe is so great that no revolution can be attempted at home while the soldiers of France are struggling against a foe abroad. This may explain in part the pretended sympathy of Napoleon for the Poles.

FRANCIS JOSEPH AND AUSTRIA

The empire of the Hapsburg has undoubtedly made an apparent advance during the last two years. A constitution has been conceded by the Emperor, which it is certainly his present intention to maintain. Under the able management of the Austrian premier, Schmerling, the imperial finances, so long mismanaged, have been greatly improved. A comparative degree of political freedom has been attained, although it is still no unusual thing to see half a dozen editors at once in the prisons of Vienna.

Hungary, Transylvania, Croatia and Venetia still decline, however, to send members to the Imperial parliament, and submit to taxation without representation rather than acknowledge themselves integral portions of the Austrian empire.

The policy of Schmerling, who is one of the ablest statesmen in Europe, is to let matters remain as they are until the obstinate provinces are driven by force of circumstances and their own necessities to take their part in the national legislation. The national income is yet far less than the national expenses, and two great reforms are much needed. These are the reduction of the army and the confiscation or heavy taxation of the vast possessions owned by the Church in Austria. The former Schmerling will undoubtedly attempt as soon as all the provinces shall be voluntarily represented in the parliament; the latter cannot be proposed with safety as long as the Emperor is so bigoted and the mass of the people so ignorant.

WILLIAM AND PRUSSIA

Prussia, the only great Protestant power of the continent, occupies just at present a mournful position. With a King who is nothing but a military martinet, and a Premier who believes in nothing but himself and absolutism, the intelligent population of Prussia are placed where they must soon choose

between loss of their constitutional rights and revolution. The Minister Bismarck, representing the brains of the co-partnership between himself and the obstinate monarch, has violated the constitution by refusing to accept the sums voted for the army by the Parliament, and is now supporting from the national means a far larger soldiery than the land requires. The Ministry is consequently engaged in a contest with the popular branch of the Legislature. Vote after vote is cast against them, but Bismarck, sure of the support of the King, refuses to resign and give place to an administration in which the land has confidence. Such a struggle cannot continue long without injuring the country. The course of Bismarck on the Polish question threatens already to involve the nation in a war with France. What is of more importance, he has injured the influence of Prussia and the cause of national unity in Germany. The parties which are striving for the reconstruction of Germany as a great power are styled the *National Union*, and the *Great German* parties. The former wishes to see Austrian influence excluded from Germany and the whole nation united under the lead of Prussia. The latter desires a less close union to include Austria. The National Union party was fast spreading its influence, even in Southern and Catholic Germany, when this unfortunate crisis occurred in Prussian politics. This healthy and desirable influence has been, momentarily at least,

checked, for the Germans are not likely to shed their blood to make William the Stupid Emperor, and the absolutist Bismarck Chief Minister, of what would be the first continental power in Europe.

ALEXANDER AND RUSSIA

Russia is passing from one period of her history to another. The noble deed of the Emperor in emancipating twenty millions of serfs will soon be followed by the grant of constitutional privileges, and Russia will emerge from the absolutism of the past into the enjoyment of a popular government. No one is more earnestly laboring to bring this result about than the Czar himself. Such a development of a great people from barbarism to civilization requires time, patience and skill. Alexander is endeavoring to accomplish in Russia, by peaceful means, what has never been effected in any other land except by a series of terrible revolutions. As to Poland, it is hardly possible to witness a race struggling so desperately without feeling a certain degree of sympathy. But it must be remembered that there are two sides to the question. Poets have bewept the loss of Polish liberty, without stopping to consider that no such thing ever existed. No nation was ever more miserably misgoverned than were the Poles under the kings, which they, or rather their aristocracy, chose for themselves. Under Russian gov-

ernment, bad as it was under the despotic Czars, Poland has advanced in intelligence and wealth. That it is yet ripe for self-government I do not believe. A new Polish Kingdom would be, like the old one, torn by factions, tyrannized over by the clergy, and alternately the dependent or the prey of the strongest neighboring nation. Still, if the people of Poland can conquer their independence, let them once more try it.

But let us not hear of the sympathy of Napoleon, Russell, and Francis Joseph. When the Emperor of France grants his subjects freedom, when England ceases to aid our Southern slave-holders, when the Hapsburg no longer holds unwilling Hungary and Venetia in his iron grasp—then the three can prate to the emancipator Alexander of the blessings of liberty.

VICTOR EMANUEL AND ITALY

Notwithstanding the death of Cavour, the power of the church and the enormous debt created under the rule of Hapsburgs and Bourbons, the fair land of Italy is steadily progressing to homogeneousness and full strength. Railroads are slowly but surely binding the long separated parts together, a common currency is rapidly taking the place of the debased and dissimilar coinage of the old governments, schools are being provided for the long suffering

populace of the southern provinces, and the vast accumulations of the church are gradually being applied to the good of the state and the benefit of the people. But notwithstanding this actual development, the new kingdom still has a perilous way to traverse. She is deprived of Rome, her legitimate and historical capital, and of Venetia, one of her fairest provinces. On one side lies powerful France; pretendedly her friend, but really a disguised enemy; on the other is the great empire of Austria, avowedly her constant foe. Between this Scylla and that Charybdis the regenerated Italy is obliged to steer. God give her generous king and her brave people a worthy success and a secure future!

Of the minor powers, Sweden and Greece are of the most prominent present interest. The former is eager for a war with Russia, if it can be waged under circumstances which promise success. Her whole strength will be put forth to assist France, if the Emperor shall resolve upon a contest with the Czar. For she hopes thereby to re-annex the province of Finland, which she lost in 1809. Greece has not yet obtained a king, although it seems probable that slow-moving diplomacy will at length enable the young Prince William, of Denmark, brother of the Princess of Wales, to accept the proffers of the perilous throne of the Hellenes. Should he ultimately decline it, there is reason to

hope that the great powers will be obliged to consent to the establishment of a Greek Republic.

From all this you will see that a summer of rare interest is opening in Europe—a summer which may close in the midst of a continental war. Let us hope that if the autumn finds the nations of the old world engaged in a deadly struggle, it may see America reunited and at peace. It is at least evident that in the existing state of European politics, the United States have no longer to fear any foreign intervention in their domestic concerns. England and France are likely to have enough on their hands at home.

In 1863-65 Mr. Fiske was connected with the Syracuse *Daily Journal,* and Vol. I of these *Memorials* is devoted to his editorial work during that period.

TRIP TO EGYPT AND PALESTINE

Steamer Russia, Mid-Atlantic,
Lat. 53° 10′, Long. 16° 9′.

November 20, 1867

THIS latitudinal and longitudinal method of dating one's letters is productive of queer sensations. Registering a man's actual place of existence by degrees and minutes is suggestive of some abstruse mathematical operation, as if the writer was projecting himself into infinitude, or resolving himself into an unknown quantity. It makes one feel as if he was going up and down in the tube of a thermometer something after the manner of Hoffman's Bottle Imp, or as if he was sliding along the extremely narrow edge of one of those mysterious parallels which used to bother us so much on the atlases of our school days. It recalls that quaint epitaph in a New England churchyard, in which it is stated, without punctuation, of the departed that: "He died regretted by a wide circle of bereaved friends and relatives in Lat. so-and-so, Long. so-and-so while on a voyage to the West Indies." It recalls,

too, that romantic and suceptible individual who, being born at sea, lamented all his life long that he could not indulge his sensibilities by a visit to the scenes of his birth. Him a noted contributor to the *Atlantic* should make the hero of another startling story. What better could he desire by way of a title than "The Man Without a Birthplace"? But all this time my locality is gliding out from under my feet, and my date is already incorrect. My longitude is rapidly diminishing, and as we are steering southwardly I am gradually getting to be—singular fate for a man of liberal religious ideas!—less and less of a latitudinarian.

With nearly fourscore steamers running regularly between the ports of the United States and those of Europe—to say nothing of the countless craft which still trust to the winds alone—a voyage across the Atlantic has become a matter so commonplace that every reader is familiar with the details. Nothing is more stale than descriptions of its almost incidentless life. Seasickness has been portrayed *ad nauseam;* icebergs have been drawn for us, both by pen and pencil, until the soul fairly freezes at mention of them; and winds have whistled, and whales spouted and sharks darted and phosphorescent waves glistened through endless pages of public and private writings, from those of Washington Irving down to those of Horace Greeley. We all know the whole catalogue of events; the thin tables of the

first days out, slowly growing fuller as the voyage wears on, until, as we steam into the Mersey, every seat is filled; the meals—breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, supper and lunch again—frequent and long-drawn out in order to while away the slow-revolving hours; the never-ceasing games of chess and cards and backgammon in the saloon; the occasional running on deck to look at some passing ship; the going to bed at night in the foul air, with a weary sense of being cabined, cribbed, confined beyond all endurance, and the getting up in the morning in still fouler air with the same feeling weighing down your spirits; the conversation, always running in the same groove of tiresome surmises about the probable continuance of the voyage, and of contradictory reports of statements made by the vessel's officers; the first sight of land and the joy with which it is welcomed, as if every person on board was a Columbus and had come at last upon a new continent; and, finally, the sense of being born again and of entering upon a second existence, as one sets foot upon terra firma and breathes once more the fresh land breezes. All this, let me repeat, is a hackneyed story, and I do not propose to repeat it. But the traveller of these days, as he experiences the tedium of this life on the waves—a tedium so great that it stretches days into seeming weeks—cannot avoid blessing his stars that he lives in the age of steam. The great Atlantic ferry-boats have robbed the

ocean passage of half its horrors. Going to Europe nowadays is something like imprisonment for ten days in a first-class hotel, only that your hotel is of iron instead of stone, and floats down an avenue three thousand miles long instead of being rooted to one spot on Tremont Street or Fifth Avenue. One hundred and fifty servants contribute to your comfort. Forty, under the name of sailors, keep the exterior neat and tidy; forty more, called engineers and stokers, keep up the fires, which consume eighty tons of coal every twenty-four hours; twenty more cook for you; twenty more serve your table; twenty more make your beds, brush your clothes and black your boots; while the establishment is presided over by a landlord whom you address as Captain, with a corps of able assistants who are known as officers. You drive to this hotel in Boston or New York and select your apartment. A huge screw in the rear simply turns round seven hundred thousand times and you are in Liverpool. You take your ease in your inn—such ease as it is—and at the same time proceed on your journey at the rate of two hundred and fifty miles or more a day.

But Byron's not very profound hero of Chillon tells us that imprisonment in a palace is still imprisonment, and we are as glad to escape from it as to emerge from a dungeon. A man would soon tire of watching from his windows the waves of humanity that roll along the most crowded thoroughfare of

Boston, and, after a day or two, the waves of the ocean become even less interesting and more monotonous. Some minor inconveniences, too, of our floating hotels have not yet been done away with by the modern spirit of improvement. The odor of the bilge water, which is so offensive, ought to be neutralized; the loud, grating noise made by the hoisting of the ashes might, it would seem, be easily avoided by the substitution of quicker machinery; and the introduction of an atmospherical compressing machine on the forward deck, which should send, at frequent intervals, a stream of pure air, uncontaminated by the stench of the galleys and the engine room, through the corridors and cabins below, would be a great boon to the ship's living freight. But the perfection of ocean navigation will only be attained when the voyage is materially shortened. Its length can be reduced, even in the present state of marine science, at least one half. This statement will be received with incredulity by many readers, but it is nevertheless true. The mode of affecting this desirable diminution would be to build a railroad to the point of the mainland nearest Newfoundland, run swift and strong ferry-boats across the intervening channel, and then construct another iron track to the eastern shore of the island. From this point steamers like the Russia would carry you to the western coast of Ireland—eighteen hundred miles—in five days, leaving you less than twenty-

four hours from London by rail and by the rapid channel steamer which runs between Kingstown in Ireland and Holyhead in Wales. Boston would then be eight days from London, instead of eleven, and the actual time, on the ocean, would sink, as I have said, from ten days to five. The criticism which will naturally spring to the lips, upon hearing such a project as this broached, is that the comparatively townless bays of Newfoundland and Ireland will furnish no freight, and the Atlantic steamers, as is well known, obtain the greater part of their income as carriers of merchandise. But why should they not load their freight at Boston and call at some Newfoundland harbor for passengers, leaving these latter again at some Irish seaport, and then proceeding to Liverpool? The Cunarders going west already take their goods on board at Liverpool, but touch at Queenstown, Ireland, for the mails and such passengers as choose to embark at that point. Going east, passengers may leave the boats of the same line at Queenstown and arrive in London twenty-four hours earlier than if they continue on to Liverpool. The scheme I have proposed is, therefore, little more than a new application of one now in operation. I commend it to New England capitalists as well worthy of their consideration.

As one wanders about one of these Cunard steamships he is especially struck by the Scottishness, so to speak, of the whole affair. Everything he sees

is Scotch rather than English, Scotch rather than British even. The ships are all constructed in Scotland; the engineers and firemen are almost all Scotchmen, as are a majority of the officers and sailors; the vessel is officially registered as belonging to the port of Glasgow, not to that of Liverpool; the plate and linen, the caps of the officers and the decorations of the cabins, all bear the lion rampant of Scotland, not the lion couchant of England; and even the books of the library are mostly productions of Scotch publishers. It is singular that after two hundred years of union the national feeling of the Scotch should yet be so strong. The Scotchman still disdains the name of Englishman and only accepts under protest that of Briton. "Your country", I said to a Scotch fellow-passenger, "has preserved its nationality in wonderful vigor considering the length of time since it was united to England." "I beg your pardon," was his reply, "but Scotland was never united to England. It was England which was united to Scotland. We sent our kings to London to reign over both countries." Buckle was right. Nationalities can neither be created nor effaced by human power, and Scotland will be Scotch as long as her mountains stand and her rivers flow. She may be loyal to the British crown, but she is still more loyal to herself, her traditions, her customs, her religion and her famous past.

Cairo, Winter of 1867-68

In front of the hotel runs a broad street, one of the few in Cairo to which that adjective can be applied. On the opposite side of the street is the Esbekiyeh Square, a large plot of ground filled with acacias and sycamores, and surrounded by a high iron railing after the manner of some of the so-called parks in our American towns. I take my seat, this delightful afternoon, on the balcony of the hotel and watch the crowd passing along the half sandy half dusty highway, which intervenes between me and the dense foliage of the Esbekiyeh. It is a panorama of Cairene life, and as it unrolls I jot down on the paper before me its principal pictures.—Just as I light my chibouque and draw my chair toward the balcony's front, a long train of camels is coming into view down the street. They march in single file, the head of each animal being joined by a rope to the tail of the one in front of him. Ugly brutes they are, with ugly eyes and ugly forms and ugly tempers, and an ugly growl. The gentle swaying motion of their bodies has a modicum of grace in it, but even that is suggestive of disturbed stomachs, and nausea and seasickness is the fate of many travellers who venture upon their backs for an extended journey. This may be the reason why occidental rhapsodists —the Orientals do not know the expression—have styled them "the ships of the desert." They hold

their heads straight out and horizontally, as if cautiously endeavoring to snuff the air, or disdainful of their less lofty fellow-creatures whom they meet or pass. The joints of their limbs are always dirty and worn and swollen and callous, since they kneel on those of their front legs to receive their burdens, and rest lying down upon those of their rear legs. Slowly and deliberately the camels lift up and set down their large spongy feet, as the driver who sits upon the forward beast, guiding him by touching either side of his neck with a stick, is swayed to and fro by his peculiar wave-like movement. The remainder of the train are laden with bags of coffee, for the train has come from Arabia far across the desert that bounds Egypt on the east. These caravans are becoming less and less numerous every year, and travellers of the next generation who visit Cairo may possibly be obliged to go to the menagerie to see a camel, as they now go thither to wonder at the graceful forms and gentle actions of the giraffe. Steam is the natural enemy of the camel, and the railroads which are beginning to pierce the deserts will soon put an end to his commercial importance. The whistle of the locomotive is even now drowning his mournful and scornful growl, and most of the coffee and other Arabian products that reach Egypt come up the Red Sea to Suez by steamer, and thence to Cairo by rail.

Close following the camels ambles along on a

donkey an Egyptian lady wrapped in a great baggy burnous or cloak of black silk, which, distended by the breeze, bulges out around her like a balloon. The lower part of her features is concealed by some folds of gauze-like white cloth, which are fastened to the upper portion of her headdress by a little ornament of brass or gold extending from the bridge of the nose to the centre of the forehead. Thus only her eyes can be seen, and these peer curiously around and light especially on the Franks whom she meets, whose costumes and figures she studies with all a female's curiosity. She sits astride the donkey man-fashion, and by her side runs a donkey-boy, as beside all donkeys in Cairo. But woman and donkey and donkey-boy are suddenly concealed from our sight by the cloud of dust raised by an officer of the Viceroy's army who rides swiftly by on an Arab steed. The rider's dress is European, all but the red tarbush or fez which he wears on his head, but his clothes sit awkwardly, as the costume of the Franks always sits on the limbs of an Arab or Turk. Artificial as he is—a half civilized being endeavoring to imitate the habits of civilization—there can be no doubt about the genus of his steed. That is of the best race —of that Arabic race which in the higher qualities has never been equalled by the carefully developed herds of the most equestrian nations. His litheness and grace and spirit would attract attention anywhere but here, where his species is so common. Fol-

lowing the Turkish officer come trotting along a dozen donkeys laden with two great bunches of sugar-cane, one on each side, the ends of which trail on the ground behind. The little beasts are thus completely enveloped in the green mass. They are conveying the cane to one of the markets of Cairo, where it is sold out to the poorer classes by the piece. They cut it into small slices and chew it, and to-morrow morning many a poor Cairene will be making his breakfast by extracting the saccharine qualities from the burdens of these donkeys. Just now, whirling past camels and donkeys, goes a French open-carriage, filled with Europeans. A runner with a whip in his hand precedes it, keeping ahead of the horses, and clearing the way by his shouts for this vehicle, which has been only introduced within a few years, and to which the narrow streets of the Egyptian capital are wholly unsuited. Though runner and coachman are Arabs, the whole thing looks out of keeping with its surroundings, and disturbs the orientalness of the scene. But these European vehicles bid fair to play no small part in the social renovation of the East. Their constantly increasing use must soon lead to the widening of the Cairene streets, and with broader thoroughfares will come sewers and drainage and cleanliness and an improved hygiene. It often happens now that in riding in a public hack, you encounter, in a street too narrow to allow of the passage of two such con-

veyances, another carriage, and after much profanity on the part of the drivers and runners, one is obliged to back several rods until some wider place is reached. Two soldiers, clad in white turbans, white jackets and white trousers, now appear and vanish. They are mounted on dromedaries—dromedary signifying here a trained and educated camel of a superior breed. And they trot by with a rapid gait which considerably enhances, if anything can, the natural ugliness of the humpbacked animal. They belong to a dromedary regiment in the service of the Viceroy, forming a part of what I suppose would be called in English, not the cavalry but the camelry of his standing army. Another donkey now trots past, bearing a descendant of the prophet, recognizable by his green turban, for only those who claim kindred with the family of Mahomet are privileged to wear headdresses of an emerald hue. Now succeed a crowd of Frank travellers, all donkeying along at a fierce gallop. One of the asinine quadrupeds stumbles just in front of us, and shoots the traveller bestriding him boltwise out of the saddle and over his head. Luckily the street is unpaved, and the sprawling American is uninjured. As he rises, covered with dust and sand, he is greeted with the laughter of his companions and the surrounding groups of natives, but again mounts and the party proceeds at a more furious rate than ever. Now come two closed carriages filled with half a dozen

ladies in black with white face-coverings, a portion of the harem of some Turkish pasha, taking an afternoon airing. Following these are more donkeys and more horses and more camels and more carriages variously laden. Interwoven in this motley mob are groups of pedestrians, Arabs, Greeks, Copts of both sexes and all ages and ranks, the peculiar dresses of each race adding every hue of the spectrum to the many colored prospect. Among them are water-carriers with goat skins filled with Nile water slung over their shoulders. Some of them pour the refreshing liquid out of the necks of their skins into brown cups, which they proffer to the passers-by for the smaller Egyptian coin. Others swing their skins from one side of the street to the other, sprinkling the dry soil so thinly however as to have little influence upon the dust. Among them too are public scribes, with inkstands stuck in their girdles, ready to squat by the wayside and indite an epistle or draw up a contract for any illiterate son of Egypt; dervishes, known by their high conical hats; muftis and cadis and dragomen in loose Turkish trousers, hanging down in a huge bag between their legs; and crowds of men and women going to and from the market with jars or baskets on their heads. And so this strange procession winds along until the sun goes down behind the Libyan Mountains beyond the Nile, and then ceases only to begin again when the same sun rises the next morning from the sand

hills of the Arabian desert. It is a panoramic display of the exterior life of the East, tinged more and more, as the years roll by, with the influence of the Western civilization. The Oriental in it still predominates, but how long will it be before the obtrusive Occident shall usurp the chief place? How long before carriages shall be more common than camels, before donkeys shall be less numerous than carts, before water-carriers shall be succeeded by street sprinklers on wheels, before the bagged ladies of Turkish harems shall ride here no more, before turbans shall be rare and baggy trousers disappear forever?

But my chibouque goes out as I reflect how the tide of Western activity is beginning to overflow the slothful East. I am as wearied as the vendor can be of the ever-shifting, yet ever same scenes of the Esbekiyeh Place, and, going down in front of the hotel, I join a party of Americans for a ride through the streets and bazars. We select our donkeys from the two or three dozen standing by the door ready for hire. This animal is still the principal means of locomotion in Cairo, and donkey-stands abound all over the town. They are generally tractable well-taught beasts, and their saddles are comfortable except that the pommel is usually a bunch of stuffed leather almost as large as a man's hand. Each one is accompanied by a boy who, allowing for the incredible difference between all things Eastern and all

things Western, is the nearest possible approach to the gamin of Paris, the bootblack of London, and the newsboy of New York. He speaks a little broken English, and sometimes a few words of French, Italian, and German. The Americans being the most numerous among the travellers in Egypt, the donkey-boy is quick to learn their peculiarities. He often bestows the name of "Uncle Sam" or some similar patriotic appellation upon his donkey; he will troll you a stave of "Yankee Doodle", or shout "Hurrah for Lincoln", and he privately informs you as a quiet hint that "Melican gentleman always very liberal". He runs sometimes behind you as you ride, punching the donkey with a stick, sometimes before you to admonish pedestrians of your approach. His warning cries are often amusing. To persons in a European dress he uses the Italian *guarda*. To the natives his shouts are various, such as: "Oh girl, take care of your back! Look out, old man, for your face! Take care of yourself, my fine fellow! Oh shop-boy, guard your wares! Oh lady, to your left! Oh gentleman, to your right! Mind your legs, Oh Merchant!" The donkey-boy has learned to fully appreciate the fast habits of Americans and their fondness of going ahead. The result is that while the natives usually walk or at most trot their donkeys, travellers ride at a fierce gallop. The effect of this headlong speed in the crowded and narrow and winding thoroughfares of Cairo may be

imagined. Not only are the rider's own legs in constant danger of being crushed against some pile of merchandise, some passing vehicle, or some sharp corner, but it requires all his agility as well as all the donkey-boy's power of lungs to prevent the overturning of some unlucky pedestrian or the demolition of some shopman's wares. Sweeping so swiftly around the Esbekiyeh that we leave a huge cloud of dust behind us, we enter upon the opposite side of the street of shops mostly kept by Greeks and other Europeans, and known as the Moskowa or Frank Bazar. The stores are imitations of European shops, though upon a much smaller scale, with an occasional sign above them in Greek or Italian. The word bazar has been employed by romantic writers in a sense which has conveyed an erroneous idea to the minds of their readers. A bazar is simply a street devoted to shops, and when we go to the bazar, we simply go to the business portion of an Eastern city. Two long streets, rather more straight than all the rest, extend along the length and across the breadth of Cairo, and cross each other at right angles. These and a few side avenues leading right off from them constitute the bazar. In one part the Turks do business, and hence that part is called the Turkish bazar. In another are the saddlers, in another the druggists, in another the shoemakers, and so on, the occupants found in each giving the name to the locality, as the saddlers' bazar, the druggists'

bazar, the shoemakers' bazar. As more people naturally congregate here than elsewhere, just as the crowds in our own cities are largest in the quarters given up to commerce, the street is frequently protected from the hot Eastern summer sun by roofs of wood or matting stretched across from the roofs of the houses. Hence the Western notion that a bazar is a building. We are obliged to keep our eyes wide open as we pass along the first bazar. There are no sidewalks and the people throng the streets. Warned by our sturdy donkey-boy, they make way for us as well as they can, but an occasional collision is the unavoidable result of our speed. Slowing our animals so as to escape contact with a tray of sweetmeats borne on the head of a youthful peddler, we run foul of a bar of iron on the shoulders of a blacksmith's apprentice. Going close to the side of the street to avoid a carriage, we scrape our legs against the stand of a tobacco market. We run a gantlet of men and women and donkeys and camels, and as we turn the corner into a native bazar we find matters still worse for here the street is yet more narrow. We encounter successively a pair of camels laden with building-stone, donkeys with great burdens of freshly mown grass on each side of them nearly filling the street, little carts drawing sand for the foundation of some new edifice, and a thousand other moving objects. In the endeavor to steer, however, one of our party runs

down a woman carrying a child of two or three years astride her shoulders. In the collision, both mother and infant are knocked down, the latter being luckily caught by the rider of the donkey. A policeman witnesses the mishap, and not daring to arrest the European, seizes his donkey-boy, to take him away to the lock-up. Our protestations and a trifling present to the frightened mother save us from the difficulty. I have had more than one occasion to admire the patience with which the people witness the transit of the street in carriage and on donkeys by Europeans and Americans at a speed not permitted to natives. This dangerous practice is no small disgrace both to travellers and to the Egyptian government, and it should either be prohibited by the authorities, or the street widened. On we ride through strange scenes and past strange groups. The Egyptian merchants, sitting cross-legged in their stalls which are too small to be called shops, smoking their long-stemmed chibouques or bubbling nargilas, or drinking the black strong coffee from tiny cups, stare at us solemnly. The peripatetic vendors of lemonade and sherbet and confectionery shout their poetical cries in our ears. A noise of wailing approaches us, and as it comes nearer we see that it proceeds from a funeral procession, some boys from a mosque chanting prayers for the dead in a mournful monotone, and preceding the coffin which is borne on the shoulders of men. It is covered

by a pall, but by the bust-like elevation at the front end we know that it is a woman or a young man. Then we pass half a dozen rough-looking Bedouins from the desert, their belts filled with firearms, chaffering a shop keeper; then a group of dark-skinned Abyssinians; then a Nubian slave taking out the son of some wealthy Turk on a donkey. Thus making our way through shops filled with all the merchandise of the East and the West, we reach at length the American Consulate. Here the consular janissary and a Turkish policeman give us written permits to visit the mosques of El Azha and El Hassan, two structures only opened to the profane tread of the infidel within the past few years. They are places of great sanctity, for the former is the chief university of the Arab world, giving instruction to five thousand students, and the latter is the shrine of the two Moslem patron saints of Cairo. The consular janissary is an institution of the East. He wears a long sword and expects unlimited backsheesh from travellers who make use of his services. He and the policeman join our cavalcade and away we go to the mosques. As we are shown around El Azha, winding in and out among its scores of columns, the throngs of worshippers look upon us with no very benign looks, for it is just after the long fast of Ramadan, during which the fanatical feelings of pious Moslems are excited to the highest pitch. As we remount our donkeys, one or two

foolish children of the prophet throw stones after us, but they luckily do no harm, and we ride on. The same thing happens to us as we take leave of El Hasan, and a fiercer farewell is very likely only prevented by the sight of the police official in our train.

(Later)

At El Azha we leave our shoes at the door, putting on slippers. Under the warm sunshine in the great roofless court sit crowds of men and boys so thickly that we are obliged to thread our way carefully among them, for no one moves to facilitate our passage. Some are loafing, some talking, some smoking, some repairing their garments, some bargaining, some teaching children by the aid of manuscript books, and some are reading aloud. These last swing their bodies to and fro with a restless uneasy motion, keeping time to the sing-song tones of their voices. Beyond this court is the great hall of prayer, with its scores and scores of columns,—the débris of Egyptian and Greco-Egyptian temples—filled with long lines of men going through the Mohammedan posture of orison, their face toward the little niche in the wall found in every mosque, which marks the direction of Mecca. Numbers of rooms and halls open on every side from the court and the mosque proper. These afford accommodation to more than five thousand students, for El Azha is the one great Arabic uni-

versity, almost the sole remaining one of those celebrated seats of learning which once adorned the Moslem lands from the Moorish institutions of Spain to the erudite establishments of Bokkara and Samarcand. Pupils from near Africa and remote India and Central Asia and Atlantic-washed Morocco come hither to acquire the traditionary learning of the Saracens, the course of study being precisely the same as it was six hundred years ago. Iron-bound caskets of wood line the corridors and apartments, containing the library, probably the best collection of Arabic literature in existence. The entire contents are in manuscript. We endeavored to obtain sight of these treasures, but after much ado the chief of the establishment—a man whose intellectual appearance would have been a credit to the rector of a German university, merely allowed us to scan an ancient copy of the Koran.

PALESTINE

Spring of 1868

We are nearly through our Syrian days, and another week will find us steaming over the blue Ægean. Our journey in the Holy Land has been somewhat prolonged and its pleasures somewhat diminished by the weather. We found on reaching Jerusalem that we had exchanged the cloudless skies and genial air

of the Nile for heavens which poured out upon us all their pent up furies of wind and rain. In addition to this buffeting of the elements, I, to whom all horse-flesh seems to have a natural antipathy, was greatly fatigued by each day's riding, so much so that on reaching Beyrout I found my wonted portliness dwindled away to a lean and shrunken gauntness. Don't fancy from this that we have not had many enjoyable and profitable hours in Syria. One cannot pass through such a country, even in the midst of storms, without experiencing sentiments of absorbed interest. It is full of historical associations, and of a kind, too, which touch us most nearly. The incidents of the Bible are different from those of all other narrations. They permeate our literature; they work themselves into our daily lives; they are presented to us weekly from our infancy to our old age; and, setting aside anything like *religiosité*, the places where they were enacted do produce sensations unlike those excited by localities connected with merely human annals. The post-biblical events of Syrian history are also noteworthy, closely connected as they are with the career of the Crusaders and the Saracens. Ever since I first read Hallam and Irving, both these have possessed a singular charm for me, and I have therefore looked at their relics with more interest than perhaps the generality of travellers. On these subjects the guide-books and books of travel are particularly tantalizing. They

are mostly written by missionaries or other divines who have no eyes for anything that does not bear direct relation to the Jews or early Christians. They either pass over altogether, or with the slightest possible mention, a thousand interesting traces of medieval European supremacy in Palestine and of the best days of Arab dominance. I am convinced that both these themes demand a broader treatment. Among the crowd of Crusaders and pilgrims which flocked hither, there appear to have been numbers of the best architects. This must have been so, for in those days when cathedrals were rising all over Europe, the best architect was he who possessed the most religious fervor, and this art would furnish its full quota of the tide that flowed towards the Holy Land. Some of these it was who carved the exquisite bands of tracery and bas-reliefs on the front of the church of the Holy Sepulchre. I don't recall any foliage ornamentation in Europe so rich and delicate as this. The vines, heavy with leaves and figures, are so deeply incised that they seem to cling to the main stone only by the merest tendrils. Few gateways in the world are more striking than the main portal of the old Hospital of St. John—a graceful half Romanesque half Norman arch. In the comparatively modern courts, too, you will discover many relics of the noble buildings which preceded them—bits of the most superb sculpture built disjointedly into the walls; splendid Gothic capitals

now used as foundation stones or scattered about the courts and gardens; and defaced statues whose original niches have long since been destroyed by the Moslems. Some of the wooden screens in the Greek churches—like those at Nazareth and Acre—are inconceivably beautiful. They reached from floor to ceiling and were profusely filled with images of men, birds and animals, with foliated tracery and ornamented panelling, all of the best work. On that at Acre the old gilding was still in tolerable preservation.

In Saracenic art the things that have struck me most forcibly are the old Damascene tiles, and the arabesques. The former often exhibit patterns more lovely than anything that the new period can turn out. I should never tire of gazing at those which cover the exterior walls of the mosque of Omar—almost as varied in color as they are in design. Equally fine ones are to be seen over some of the entrances to the mosques here, and in many of the oldest Armenian churches at Jerusalem. The arabesques are chiefly modern, but they show that Saracenic art, decadent as it is, has not lost all of that cunning which gave a new term to mural decoration.

Though most of the architectural schools may have reached a higher development elsewhere, there is no land where they are all so well represented as in Syria. Phœnician art has left some remarkable tombs and sarcophagi. Jewish art survives in the sub-

structure of the Temple and in the building over Abraham's tomb at Hebron. Greek art lives in Baalbec and in the grand temple—now mosque—at Damascus. Roman architecture exists in the superb basilica at Bethlehem, and in countless bridges, aqueducts, arches and roads everywhere. Byzantine art is represented by many buildings and ruins. Gothic art displays itself in nearly everything that remains of the erections of the Crusaders; and Saracenic art has produced but few nobler monuments than the Mosque of Omar. What land unites so many of the forms which the æsthetic history of mankind has developed?

You may doubt the fact, but I didn't intend when I began to inflict on you a treatise *De Architectura apud Syrios Antiquos*. Our adventures here have been many and various. We have been assailed by wild Bedouin beggars. We have been attacked by savage Arab fleas; we have been assailed by fanatical Moslem dogs. We have ridden up rocky paths of a steepness fearful to contemplate; we have waded through plains of bottomless mud. So bad were the roads that on the mountains we sighed for the miry valleys and in the valleys we longed for the stony mountains. In fact every book on Syria should contain a chapter paraphrasing the famous chapter on snakes in Ireland. It should be entitled: "Concerning the Roads of Syria," and its contents should be: "There are no roads in

Syria." I attribute our preservation through the dangers that beset us to our constant habit of sleeping with plenty of fresh air. One night the fresh air was exceedingly plenty. We woke up after midnight and found our tent lying at some distance on a hillside, while a violent storm raged around our beds. I attribute our safety in part also to the amount of healthful exercise which we took. Once it was very healthy, when we sat up all night to hold our tents down.

PROFESSOR FISKE IN ICELAND [1]

From the Hartford Courant. One of the last days of September, 1879

DURING the summer Prof. Willard Fiske of Cornell, the distinguished scholar in northern languages and history, has been making a vacation tour in Iceland. This visit has been the realization of a life-long desire. At a very early period in his studies, during his first year in college, young Fiske had turned his attention to the northern literatures. Before he was eighteen he went abroad, spent some time in Copenhagen, where his marvelous acquirements and his zeal attracted the attention of the best scholars, and gained him the lasting friendship of Professor Rafn, the venerable president of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquities. He went from Denmark to Sweden and was for two years a member of the University of Upsala, where he was so thoroughly at home and spoke and wrote Swedish so perfectly that he passed for a Swede with acquaintances who did not know that the wonderful

[1] Written by Charles Dudley Warner, a boyhood mate and lifetime friend of Mr. Fiske.

boy was an American. Having no means of support except what he could create, he sustained himself by giving lessons in English and lectures on American literature to the students of the university. Meantime he was perfecting himself in the northern literature, and began his interest in Iceland and its affairs, which has never abated. At that time comparatively little was known of Iceland and little interest was felt in its people, their history or literature. Young Fiske gave himself to the study of this remote land and people with his customary enthusiasm, attracted by the discovery of its rich stores of literature, legend and mythology, the high education of its inhabitants and their wonderful political history. It is only truth to say that he became a master and an authority on the subject of Iceland, and conceived the warmest admiration for the land and people. He knew their thousand years of history, he was familiar with their literature, his Icelandic library, on his return, was probably the completest in America, and he may be said to have known Iceland geographically as thoroughly as he knew the streets of his native town. And yet he had never been in Iceland. At that time, when he was a boy in Sweden and Denmark, communication with the island was rare—a regular vessel for freight and passengers sailing only twice a year. To his great and lasting disappointment Fiske missed the half-yearly vessel, and was obliged to return to

America without the consummation of his most cherished plan.

Time passed and circumstances still continued to thwart him. Although his knowledge of Iceland grew and his interest in it was unabated, and although he made three or four voyages to Europe, resided abroad for a considerable time, and travelled in the East, he was never able to compass the darling project of his boyhood, the visit to Iceland. But he never gave up the hope of it. He continued his relations with the island, and not only with the romantic past, but he may be said to have had acquaintance, by correspondence or otherwise, with its leading scholars and public men. Years ago he had nearly completed an Icelandic dictionary, which has never been published. In the celebration of the Millennial of Iceland five years ago, no man in America took a more active part than Fiske. It was owing to his exertion that a very large collection of American books was made up, by the contribution of publishers, authors and public spirited men, and sent to the island on that occasion. To this library Fiske himself contributed from his own shelves (the shelves of a poor college professor), a very large number of valuable books—if our memory is not at fault something like a thousand volumes. But he himself, of all men in America who should have been there, was not able to go to the great national festival.

At last the opportunity came. Last July Professor Fiske, accompanied by a young graduate of Cornell, sailed for Iceland, where he has been spending a couple of months, in a thorough exploration of the island. We are glad to learn that he has been received with distinguished honor, and everywhere welcomed with more than the proverbial hospitality. We have no doubt that the honors were thrust upon him, for Professor Fiske is the most modest of men, and always shows a positive ingenuity in keeping himself in the background. In this case he could not altogether escape; and his comrade was evidently not a little amused at his efforts to avoid the distinction. Our readers will perhaps be interested in some of the details of a real Icelandic hospitality.

Even before Professor Fiske had fairly reached the country, the journals published glowing notices of him, with appeals to the Icelanders to show him the old-style hospitality. One result of this was that the tourists rode for 20 days from Akureyri, the principal town on the north coast, along the north and west coast, with a guide and eight horses, including the pack horses, staying with the farmers and clergymen over night, and eating and drinking the best the houses afforded, and nobody would take a cent either by way of payment or douceur. Their host of one night always rode with them the next day to their next abiding place. At Akureyri ten gentlemen accompanied them on horseback ten miles

up one of the most beautiful valleys in the world to show them a female seminary, and the day they left the town for the south, a cavalcade of sixteen gentlemen rode with them ten miles. Every mile or two of the journey, such is the hospitable custom, they dismounted at some grassy spot, and out came bottles of sauterne or sherry and cigars. The escort gave them a grand good-by at the new technical school for the north, now building.

It was at Akureyri that Fiske was unexpectedly "tricked" into a public dinner, which lasted from 4 p.m. to 6 a.m. At Reykjavík, the capital, the same thing was started, but the professor got wind of it in season to positively decline any such display. The matter was compromised by his attending in state a dinner arranged by the Alpingsmen—the members of the parliament—a day or two before the close of the session. Grims Thomsen, the parliamentarian leader, presided. On one side of him sat the governor general of the island, glittering in orders, and on the other the American professor. The first toast was to the king, the second to Professor Fiske, to which he responded in Icelandic. This was followed by a private dinner given by the governor-general—which in variety and cooking and service is described as equal to the best at Delmonico's, when the bishop was present, and the guest was again toasted by the governor-general. The visitor was constantly fêted with dinners and parties

during his stay at the capital, and his room was kept filled with elegant bouquets. The most beautiful flowers abound in a profusion there that the travellers had never seen elsewhere; in an abundance of which the professor's companion says we can have no conception. The rarest kinds of fuchsias and roses, etc., are cultivated, and the drawing-rooms are decorated with them to an extent that astonishes strangers.

Iceland is progressing with great rapidity since the grant of the new constitution. There is not, we believe, a native who cannot read and write, but under the new impetus schools are rising everywhere, and extensive agricultural improvements are in progress. (One deep and broad drainage trench through some meadows, as straight as a bee-line for three miles, was noted.) Stone farm-houses are rapidly taking the place of the old timber-and-turf houses, and a system of roads, called national roads, is fast coming into existence. The new spirit among the people is very evident. Reykjavík is putting on the airs of a city, and is rapidly increasing in size. The Alping (parliament) just closed has voted a new capitol. Many handsome residences have been built within the past three years. Excellent potatoes, cabbages, salads, radishes, turnips, etc., are raised in the gardens. Throughout the island, even at the poorest farmsteads, one article is always superlatively excellent, and that is the coffee. No part of

the world excels it. The consumption of it appears to be enormous, and cream seems to be as abundant as milk elsewhere. Salmon is abundant, excellent and cheap. So are salmon trout. The mutton is better than that of England, as the Englishmen admit. Of course there is great variety of sea-fish, cod, haddock and halibut.

Books are perhaps the commonest thing of all. There is no farmstead which has not a good library. In the most remote valleys there are private collections, including such English books as Buckle, Bancroft, Lecky, Channing, Parker, Carey, Longfellow, Macaulay, etc. Very many of the inhabitants speak excellent English.

The country this year is full of travellers, English, Scotch, Australians, Italians, Germans and Danes, who are interested not only in the study of the people, but in as wonderful scenery as the world affords. Among other natural wonders, there is the mighty cascade of Dettifoss, little known, but really comparable to Niagara.

NOTES ON ICELANDIC MATTERS

[Selections from *Mímir*.[1] Cp.p.xiv.]

How to get to Iceland.—During the spring and summer, various steamers (the number of which is constantly increasing) leave Denmark, Norway, and sometimes Great Britain, for Iceland, but the usual passenger route is by the Icelandic-Danish mail steamers, which start from Copenhagen, and always touch at Leith, Scotland. By their contract with the Icelandic government they are obliged to make eighteen trips a year (sailing a little less often in the winter than in the summer), calling generally, going and coming, at the Faroes. But their course varies greatly, partly according to the season of the year. They make, in the pleasant months, some four or five trips completely around Iceland, stopping at some 20 ports, situated either at the mouths of the fjords, or further up, remaining, at some of these calling-points, several hours. The beauty and even grandeur of many of the firths they thus enter, and the wonderful panoroma of mountains, grayish green or snowy white, glistening glaciers, gigantic cliffs, fantastic rocks, picturesque valleys and waterfalls,

[1] On *Mímir* v. *N. Y. Nation*, Mar. 24, 1904, pp. 232-3.

huge headlands and promontories—the whole unfolding itself as the steamer follows the thousand miles of coast—makes this circumnavigation one of the most interesting of sea trips. There are also two domestic lines of coast steamers, one running from Reykjavík, northerly, and then easterly, to Akureyri, the largest port in the north, and returning by the same route; the other line sails also to Akureyri and back, but goes from Reykjavík easterly (along the southern shore), then northwardly and westerly; taken together, therefore, they likewise make the complete circuit of the island. These smaller steamers touch at some ports not reached by the larger vessels. The boats are fairly comfortable, the table and service very good, and the rates most reasonable. There is still another line of steamers, making regular trips between Copenhagen and various Icelandic ports, known as the Thore line, belonging to the Icelandic-Danish mercantile house of Thor E. Tulinius, the head of which is a native of Iceland, and the chief seat of which in Iceland is at Eskifjörður, in the southeast. The fares on this line are somewhat lower, but these boats touch less often in Great Britain, although they frequently call at Norwegian ports.

Iceland as a Summer Sanatorium.—Those who are best acquainted with the great northern island most fully appreciate the remarkable union of natural qualities and influences which make its climate, in the

year's warmest months, absolutely the best attainable (taking ease of access into account) by the inhabitants of the overcrowded cities and districts of north-western Europe for the purposes of a sanitary or restorative sojourn. To enumerate or dwell on the features of Iceland, which make this statement true, is not possible in the restricted space at the command of the writer. A few of the more salient can alone be passed in review. The foremost are the extraordinary purity, clearness and, in summer, general dryness of the atmosphere—pure by reason of its freedom from the taint of dust and other contaminations of civic communities, and because of its clarification, every eight or ten days, even in the warmest season, by a strong wind; clear to such an extent that, through it, mountains are visible and recognizable a hundred miles away; and dry because it is permeated, often for long periods, by twenty hours of sunshine in every twenty-four, the effect of which even light showers, or a succession of light showers, or an occasional mountain-born storm, do not essentially modify, since, as has been said, it takes much rain to wash out a northern sun. This presence of an unsullied atmospheric medium, previously tempered by the glaciers and the sea, and then pervaded all the day and nearly all the night, by a vitalizing solar glow, is, of course, a phenomenon only possible in a high arctic land. An additional climatic advantage possessed by Iceland is the

comparative absence, more particularly marked in the northern provinces, of that especially malevolent humidity, which springs from the existence of forests and fens damp with vegetable decay. Still another is the sense of healthy calm and nervous repose, invariably produced by the summer life of Iceland upon the mind and body of the stranger sojourning within her gates,—a mental condition, which is indeed induced alike by the air of its sand-plains and lava-fields, and by the atmosphere that floats over the desert tracts of Egypt and Arabia. In common with Switzerland, Iceland possesses, but at lower altitudes, and consequently more conveniently reached, great masses of snow and glaciers—the Vatnajökull, in the south-east, being the most extensive field of ice in Europe; and Icelanders know how to recount instances of remarkable recoveries from the infection of tuberculosis by residence in these frozen portions of the island. The whole country benefits, too, as Switzerland does not, from the salty breezes of the ocean, so generally, during the sunny season, both benign and bracing. And finally, it enjoys, as we shall see, yet one more of nature's blessings, lacking to all the frequented higher regions of the European continent, namely innumerable hot springs, of varied constituents and effects, scattered through each of its four great provinces. Thus all who seek health in the lofty world of the Alps, or in the cooling winds and refreshing waves of the

sea-margins, or in the thermal sources of Bohemia, or Nassau, or Tuscany, will find every one of their priceless advantages combined in this single marvellous land.—Yet there are many other considerations, which tend to indicate Iceland as the future's great sanatorium. One of these is, of course, the gentler average of temperature of the summer, when compared with that of more southern localities, despite the prolonged sunshine and the dryness to which we have referred. Even the noon-day hours are rarely oppressive to the foreigner. A second favorable point is the fact that the abundant waters, already alluded to, have an unequalled range of temperature, from lukewarmness to the boiling-point; and they include the Great Geysirs, with a myriad of lesser ones, the strong sulphur cauldrons, and the bubbling, puffing, seething kettles of mud. Of the cold and potable medicinal waters, the so-called "alewells" (*ölkeldur*), or carbonic-acid sources, are, perhaps, of most frequent occurrence on the long Snæfellsnes and in the adjacent districts of the west; at one of these (Rauðamels-ölkelda), most happily situated, and very easy of access, the erection of a spacious summer hotel is already contemplated. Many of the hot springs have long been used, in a more or less crude way, for the treatment of rheumatic and kindred ailments, but many are still awaiting the study and tests of the analyst, while the numerous strange natural vapor-baths, even without any

really proper methods and means of appliance, have shown themselves efficacious in more than one variety of gout. The kind of physical exercise, moreover, most readily obtainable in Iceland, is also the most valuable for the classes of invalids which usually frequent health-resorts. It is no unimportant matter, though it be but a negative blessing, that the victim of indigestion is not exposed here to the temptation of carriage or car. For although the government of Iceland, in view of its greatly enhanced revenues, has energetically set about the building of carriage-roads, and has already completed long stretches, it will be many years before the island possesses any such extended system of highways as is to be found elsewhere. The man of torpid liver, or of sluggish blood, will thus generally be compelled to take his airings, and make his excursions, on the Icelandic pony, one of the most intelligent, easy-seated and sure-footed of animals; it would be difficult to desire a pleasanter and, at the same time, more effective kind of bodily exercise.— Notwithstanding the many drawbacks encountered, especially the struggles with a moist arctic winter, cases of extreme old-age are not uncommon in Iceland. The number of living persons over ninety years of age, as the island's statistics show, is, in proportion to its 80,000 inhabitants, noticeably large; and an article, covering a longer period, by a student of the popular life of his native land (see

the illustrated journal "Sunnanfari," III, pp. 6-7, 13-14) gives the names and stories of many Icelandic centenarians in the past, one of whom, as is asserted, reached the venerable age of 113 years.—The health-statistics of Iceland show a constant improvement. Formerly deaths of infants were far too numerous, but drier and more wholesome dwellings have greatly lowered the rate.—It is hardly necessary to refer to the influence upon the mind, and through that upon the body, which the novel world he enters, when he sets foot upon the shores of Iceland, inevitably produces on the brain-tired intellectual laborer. Here he finds something fresh—vastly different from the always same and more or less wearisome hotel and casino life, which he lives through in the watering-places of the rest of Europe. Here are mountains unlike the mountains he knows, plains and valleys and lakes and glaciers and fountains and cascades such as he has never seen, surroundings which have not the tameness of familiarity, a past, which is strange to him, and a present abounding in novelty. Such a change of climate as this refreshes the mind as it heals the body.—Of all travellers the keen-eyed Burton best sums up the general effect upon the summer sojourner in Iceland: "It is strange how her beauties grow upon him. Doubtless the scenery depends far more upon colour and complexion than in the genial lands of the lower temperates. But during the delightfully mild and

pleasant weather of July and August, seen through a medium of matchless purity, there is much to admire in the rich meads and leas stretching to meet the light-blue waves; in the fretted and angular outlines of the caverned hills, the abodes of giant and dwarf; in the towering walls of huge horizontal steps which define the fjords, and in the immense vistas of silvery cupolas, 'cravatted' cones and snow-capped mulls, which blend and melt with ravishing reflections of ethereal pink, blue, azure, and lilac, into the grey and neutral tints of the horizon. And often there is the most picturesque of contrasts: summer basking below, and winter raging above; peace brooding upon the vale, and elemental war doing fierce battle upon the eternal snows and ice of the upper world."

The Natural Wonders of Iceland.—When a traveller in the arctic Thule returns home and becomes reminiscent, it is difficult for him to avoid the language of exaggeration. If he has sailed all around the island, and has, besides, wandered up and down its interior, he has seen a new world, has observed a surprising number of new objects, and has lived through a new life. If it be not all beautiful, it is all fascinating—although sometimes with the fascination of awe. For there is no country, travelled of man, which combines as Iceland does the antagonistic marvels of frost and steam, of ice and fire, of gloom and color, of darkness and light. It

is, on the whole, unequalled in all Europe for its gushing fountains of seething water, for its stupendous streams of lava, for its vast volumes of milk-white torrents plunging over grim and swarthy rocks, for the varied, weird and fantastic forms of its mountains, for the intense green of its meads and lowlands and often of its climbing slopes, for the luminous tints of its peaks, for the splendors of its heavens, and for the gray, overawing desolation poured out by its volcanoes. Landing, let us say, in the later May or the earlier June, the tourist is at first dazzled by the glory of continuous daylight. But his eye soon accepts, with contented pleasure, the unwonted radiance, once he has got over his surprise at learning that God has given the sun to this favored land for a light by night as well as by day. At midnight he reads his guide-book, or gazes at the landscape, near or far, with the same ease and enjoyment as at midday. If he be early enough, he may still see a pale aurora shimmering in the firmament, but for a sight of that phenomenon in its full magnificence, wrapping the whole sky in a mantle of overwhelming and ever-shifting beauty—of which dwellers in lower latitudes can form no adequate conception—he must wait until the nights have grown longer and darker in the last fortnight of August and through the months of September and October. As he becomes more familiar with his surroundings he will discover, if he be English, that

he is acquiring a clearer notion than he has ever had of the life led by his Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and that he is really making the acquaintance of a yeomanry as sturdy as that of the early English ages. If the Althing be in session at Reykjavík, and he enter the capitol to listen to its debates, he finds himself in the presence of the oldest existing legislative assembly—dating back to the days when the Witenagemot of his forefathers was still making the laws of England. From day to day, as he journeys, he will note along his path so many objects, delightful or startling to his vision, that they cannot all be enumerated in the lines we are writing. Among the first of them may very likely be the strange features of the worlds of lava and basalt. The wide-extending plains of the former, the vast dykes resulting from the sudden cooling of its streams, the fantastic masses which they pile up as they flow, and above all such singular gorges at the Almannagjá and the Hrafnagjá—less than a day's ride from the capital—will overwhelm him with their strangeness. Farther on, in the north, are the clefts of the Ásbyrgi—that rocky wonder—with its charming accessories, such as the cool green of trees in its sheltered depths; while the unending lava levels he traverses in reaching it, and which extend into many other quarters, may indeed be melancholy, yet they are none the less awesome to the eye and impressive to the imagination. The lesser crevices in the

lava, not infrequently lined with the pendant tresses of the maiden-hair fern, mirrored, with a background of sky, in a limpid pool at the bottom, show that even below its surface Iceland has its half-hidden gems. On a larger scale are the rocky grottoes like Surtshellir, which, with its roof-adorning icicles, is a miracle of subterranean singularity, rendered more attractive by the quaint legends of which it is the scene; and then there are other caverns similar to it, including the one lately discovered near the Almannagjá.—The vast glaciers give rise to many swift streams and streamlets of milky water, contrasting strangely with the crystal purity of those which have their origin in the less icy mountainous regions. Both the one and the other form, in their courses, scores of waterfalls of great mass as well as of great height. One of these, the Dettifoss, draining in part the monstrous south-eastern ice-tract, holds the foremost place among European cascades, though few other than native eyes have looked upon the mighty natural marvel. It is situated on one of the largest of the several streams which bear the name of Jökulsá, flowing towards the northern sea, and precipitates itself with sudden fierceness into a great gorge nearly a score of miles in length, bordered by rocky walls from 100 to 150 feet in height. The vast depth of water, charged with glacial clay, making it of turbid whiteness, rushes, foaming, frothing, steaming, and thundering,

down some 330 feet into the narrow chasm, actually, in its fierce fury, causing the rocks, which enclose it, to tremble. Only less inferior in majesty are the Gullfoss, at no great distance from the Great Geysirs; the Goðafoss on the northern Skjálfandafljót, overhung by its canopy of mist and growling out its far-heard roar; the Fjarðaráfoss in the east; the Skógafoss in the southern realm of jökuls, which, when looked down upon by the midday sun, reveals, in rock and water, an astonishing play of color; the very notable trio of falls, gay in summer with verdure and flowers—one of them adorned with a charming islet on its very verge—situated in the Sog, the outlet of the Thingvallavatn; and, beside these, a host of other floods, in other parts, pouring over steep cliffs. These are the Niagaras of the island, but there are, besides, not a few falls which delight the eye of their loftiness and grace, recalling those of the Californian Yosemite. Such are the Hengifoss ("hanging cataract") in the Fljótsdalur, the Dynjandi ("thundering") cascade on the Arnarfjörður, and the unforgettable Seljalandsfoss, leaping from high up the Eyjafjallajökull, near the southern shore—a slender thread of water, which, glittering in the sunlight, is visible from beyond the sea that separates the Westman islands from the mainland, and tells the islanders, before setting out, by the way it is blown hither and thither, whether they may hope to make a landing on the neighboring harbor-

less coast; and the Drífandifoss, also driven, as its name indicates, to and fro—the plaything of the breeze; but, as in other worlds of snow-clad heights, these rivulets, descending, like fair and shining ribbons, from great elevations, occur, in vernal and summer days, everywhere all over the land.—No quarter of the earth excels Iceland in the unending diversity of its mountain shapes, which present every possible outline of slope and summit, as well as every possible order of grouping. They are conical, domed, pyramidal, truncated, horned, pointed, turtle-backed, grotesque, single-pinnacled and many-pinnacled, massive and slender, terraced and columnar, turreted and crested, solitary and clustered, and so on *ad infinitum*. Of course they divide themselves into two markedly differing classes, the volcanic and non-volcanic; and into two other classes, the *jökulls* (glacial mountains), and those without glaciers—*jökull* signifying, in a general way, either a glacier or a glacier-producing mountain. As volcanoes, jökulls rarely emit lava, but only showers of ash. Merely a small number of the multitudinous and multiform mountains of Iceland can be cited here. The most renowned of the volcanoes is, of course, Hekla, around which grew up in Europe, during the middles ages, a whole world of myths and superstitious beliefs, somewhat akin to those which had centered, during classical pagan times, in Etna and Vesuvius. Hekla is, from most points of view,

hardly worthy its world-wide fame—a more or less imposing, but rather rough and rugged eminence; while the Örœfajökull, the highest of Iceland's mountains, whether fire-spouting or not (nearly 6,400 feet), and lying in the south-east—an outpost of the vast glacial domain of that region—soars, with icy majesty, above its many companions. To the traveller approaching from the Faroes, Eyjafjallajökull, in the uttermost south, is apt to be his first Icelandic vision; he sees before him not a few cloud-tipped peaks, climbing finally into a noble ice-crowned summit. As, later on, having left Hekla behind him, he rounds the island's southwesternmost point into the waters of the broad Faxafjörður, his eyes, looking northward, are fastened upon the Snæfellsjökull, in pre-historic days a fuming giant and now resembling, in its outline, Mediterranean Etna, as one comes sailing from the Levant to that towering warder of Sicily; a memorable mount indeed is Snæfellsjökull, even when seen across the water from Reykjavík sixty miles away, notably when its dome is set in the unequalled glories of an Arctic sunset; and on the same fjord, turning toward the capital its great motley-colored bluffs, stands Esja, an unending delight to the eye. Near the northernmost Jökulsá rises the ponderous-looking Herðubreið (the "broad-shouldered"), dark-blue of hue and steeply-sided, surmounted by its double glaciers, which, under the sheen of the sun, become alternately

masses of frosted and masses of polished silver; and in the same quarter is the still higher Snæfell (5,800 feet)—not to be confounded with the western Snæfellsjökull—on which the light seems always to fondly linger, as its far-seen summit looks down upon the long, broad, pleasant Fljótsdalur, one of the glories of the east; and a little more inland is the destructive, many-cratered Askja, holding in its bosom its strangely swelling tepid lake, thinly separated from still actively fuming fires—a part of the mighty Dyngjufjöll group, in the midst of that dreaded and dreary lava desert, the Ódáðahraun; from Askja came the fearsome eruption of 1875, which enwrapped all Eastern Iceland in dense darkness, and carpeted an immense tract with a stifling bed of pumice; Askja consists of a great crater, margined by many small ones, the great one ranking for size among the most stupendous of this class of phenomena—so extensive, as one visitor says of it, that a city of half a million inhabitants might easily find room in the awful cavity. Far lower in altitude than any of these is the long-dormant volcano, Krafla, elevating itself not far away from the islanded lake of Mývatn, out of which poured in 1729 that reverent torrent of molten matter, which, arriving at the churchyard of Reykjahlíð, divided into two streams and flowed, in either direction, around the sacred edifice, lest it should desecrate so holy a place. The visitor rides up Krafla's slopes

along an easy horse-path, margined, in the proper season, by patches of blue-eyed forget-me-nots, growing ever tinier as the ascent continues, to gaze finally from its peak on a long chain of loftier ice-decked summits bounding the distant horizon. Close beside its base swells up the glistening Hrafntinnuhryggur, a solid mountain-height, embedding massive fragments of obsidian, that smooth and shining semi-precious rocky material—found elsewhere, too, in the island—from which the deftly-fingered and industrious Sicilian artisan fabricates so many pretty and prized ornaments. Very singular, as it lingers in the memory, is the huge Eldborg, another long-inactive fire-mountain, seeming, from nearly every point of the compass, a stupendous fortress of the old giants, now shorn, like them, of its once dangerous strength. Another minor, but still formidable looking specimen of the numerous class of castle-like elevations is the Stóra Borg (or Borgarvirki) in the Viðidalur, bearing aloft its high encircling ramparts of thick-set basaltic columns, out of which a historical tradition will have it that, just after the tenth century of our era had passed away, a hero of the saga epoch made a real fortress, and long and stoutly defended it. But there is left here only room enough to catalogue, in a disordered way, a few more of these multitudinous mountains—Arnarfells-jökull, really a section of the far-extending Hofs-jökull sending forth its score of glaciers; Langjökull

in mid-Iceland, boasting half a score more, and in the western snows of which lies that cold, almost inaccessible valley, once lighted and warmed by the hues and fires of fancy, the legend-rich Thórisdalur; Torfajökull, its base fringed with clusters of steaming hot springs, and lying in easy sight of Hekla; Eiríksjökull, from which came, long ago, many of those tongues of lava, which lie in the upper valleys of the historic Hvítá, and which are described by a late traveller as being beds "filled in all their hollows with pretty foliage and flowers, and the contrast of the dainty blossoms and ferns with the rugged black caves and clefts, in which they are sheltered, gives a curious and unexpected poetry to the scene"—but this is a picture again and again repeated on the more ancient lava levels; Gláma and the Drangjökull, which raise from the elevated plateau of the north-western peninsula, their snowy cupolas and buttresses, the latter, moreover, pushing down its flowing glaciers almost to the water's edge by the harsh and inhospitable Hornstrandir, where the so-styled Drangar, a series of gigantic pointed pyramids, stretch out into the icy sea and give their name to the loftier peak.—Of the most observable features which characterize the fire and ice jökull-regions may be especially cited the expanses of lava, large and small, already passingly alluded to, such as the vast Ódáðahraun (the "desert of evil deeds")—once peopled in the popular imag-

ination, by desperate outlaws; the long, grassless Sprengisandur, between the Arnarfell and the Tungnafellsjökull, haunted, as he who traverses it finds out, by the pursuing spirits of dreariness and solitude, and which has hence produced one of the most stirring poems of the nineteenth century:

> Ríðum, ríðum og rekum yfir sandinn,
> rennur sól á bak við Arnarfell;

the myriad of glaciers, both the stationary and the flowing (creeping glaciers), generally differing in character from the icy formations of more southern lands, both waging endless warfare against the genial forces of the sun, and producing a strange phenomenon, peculiar to Iceland, styled an "ice-leap," caused by the welling up of water, which detaches great fragmentary portions of the glacier and then bears them down to the lowlands; the many gigantic glacier-borne boulders, known as Grettistök ("Grettir grips" or "Grettir takes"), since they were hurled, according to the lore of the folk, by the invincible national hero against his pursuing foes; and, lastly, in a larger sense, the 750 square miles occupied by the icy tract of the Vatnajökull in the south-east, the interior of which is still partially unexplored. One may see from the preceding pages, faint and imperfect as such a sketch is, that the Alpinist and the student of mountainous nature can find few finer fields for his observation and study

than the island of Iceland.—Closely connected, too, with the country's volcanic activity are the sulphur springs (or solfataras), the chief being those of Krísuvík on the Reykjanes peninsula south of Reykjavík, and those in the neighborhood of Lake Mývatn in the northern province. Both offer scenes of singular grotesqueness and of extraordinary interest. On the northern Námafjall the sulphur rises to the surface near the top of the slope, where there are many steaming fissures, while the surrounding ground, as seen from a longish distance to the east, is brilliant with every tint of red and yellow. At the bottom of the glowing hillside exist many pools of puffing and gas-emitting clay. Other sulphur sources are found near Húsavík.—Iceland no longer has a monopoly of gigantic spouting hot wells, as in the days when the Great Geysir was reckoned one of the world's wonders, and hence gave its Icelandic name to its rivals in New Zealand and in the Yellowstone Valley of North America; yet still no land has such an abundance of these boiling waters, extending over so large a territory. The fellow of the Great Geysir, the Strokkur, so popular with travellers of many generations, has ceased, since a recent earthquake, to exhibit its peculiar powers, but Geysir yet has, in the same plain, more than fifty lesser companions. Far south, near the sea, was, till lately, another spouting well, called the Little Geysir, but it, too, has nearly suspended its operations, rising

only occasionally when Hekla shows some sign of life. Of other boiling sources the number is infinite, as the list of places on the map containing the word *reykur* (reek, steam) or one of its derivatives, sufficiently evinces. One western valley, the Reykholtsdalur, is particularly noted for its many visible columns of steam. In the middle of one of its streams stands a quaint pile of tufa, raised by the deposits of a tiny geysir issuing from its top to a height of some feet, while at other places steam floats up from fissures in the bottom of the stream. Further up the valley, near the farmstead and church of Reykholt, the residence and death-place of Snorri Sturluson, Iceland's foremost son, there are two considerable steaming fountains, one of which (Skrifla) still feeds the great bath, constructed of blocks of hewn stone by the celebrated sagaman in the thirteenth century. Of the other sites of this sort, historically noteworthy are the warm baths of Reykjalaug some miles west of the Althing plain, and those of Krossberg north of the same spot, in which the early converts to Christianity, made such by vote of the Althing, were baptized, after refusing to go into the very uncomfortable cold water in order to ratify their adoption of a religion in the tenets which they, as yet, felt no very ardent faith.—The lakes of Iceland are many in number, as the traveller ascertains, the largest being the Thingvallavatn, filled with water as transparent as the air above it, in which swim a

marvellous multitude of trout and other fish. On its northern shore lies the Almannagjá, with the majestic cascade which falls into it, and the Thingvellir plain, including the Lögberg ("Mount of the Law"), on which, for more than 800 years, the Icelandic popular assembly annually met, failing in only one or two years because of the Great Plague, or Black Death, then raging destructively in the island, or for some other similar cause. Many are the foundations still traceable of the temporary booths in which dwelt, in earlier ages, the law-making leaders of the people and their adherents. A little smaller than the Thingvallavatn is the northland's Mývatn ("Midge Lake"), to which we have already referred, and which, too, is richly abundant in fish. It is likewise the home of a score of varieties of wild duck, who build their myriad nests on the countless islands, many of which are old craters, and on low capelets along the shore. It is the middle point of a wide field of interest, inviting many excursions. In the neighborhood are the old volcano Krafla, the obsidian mountain, the great gorge known as the Grjótgjá, the northern sulphur sources and mud pools, and that grotesque lava wonder, the so-called Nátt-tröll, the demon of the night, who, carelessly caught outside of his hidden dwelling of darkness by the rising sun, was changed by its rays into this ghastly figure of stone.—Three products of the realm of nature, belonging largely or exclusively

to Iceland, deserve notice in this place. The first is the down taken from the nests of the eider-duck, and sold in many countries for cushions or bed coverlets. These ducks are provided with places for breeding purposes, and are protected by strictly-enforced laws. A visit to one of their breeding-sites is of much interest to foreigners. The second peculiar production is the Icelandic Moss (*lichen islandicus*), which is everywhere kept on sale by foreign pharmacists, and from which pastelles for coughs, or other preparations, sometimes a sort of pudding, for invalids, are made. Thirdly, an unique Icelandic product is the double-refracting feldspar (Icelandic feldspar), used by opticians and in optical tests and experiments. The world's sole mine, or quarry, of this singular material is situated near Eskifjörður in the south-east of Iceland, and is the property of the Icelandic government. It is often visited by travellers.—In the fjords or along the shores (as one sails around the land) are many islands, not a few of them noticeable in character or form. Starting from Reykjavík and going east-ward, the visitor comes first to the Westman group, deriving its name from fugitive slaves of Hjörleifur, one of Iceland's first settlers, who were Irish (that is "men of the west"). It is a storm-bound home, at times, for human beings, yet the largest islet, Heimaey ("home isle") contains a hamlet of 600 souls; around it on all sides, tower

many bold and beetling cliffs, thronged by uncountable sea-birds and washed by high-lifted waves, while above it two massy mountains raise their summits, the Heimaklettur and the Helgafell. Thereafter the boat reaches Iceland's southernmost spot, the Dyrhólaey, through which has been wrought, by the waves, a tunneled arch, under which boats may sail, and around which protrude from the waters several needle-like and other isles and skerries. The pierced rock is known to foreign sailors as Portland. Not a long distance farther east, the traveller may see the Reynisdrangar (*drangur* signifies a solitary upstanding rock—a name and thing well-known all along these coasts), being a small group of closely-clustered rocks, lifting from the water their sharp-pointed, spire-like pinnacles—a striking spectacle, and one warranting the strange stories told of so odd an apparition. Beyond this is Papey, now a sort of bird-farm, where great flocks of birds and thousands of eggs are yearly harvested and shipped, but famous in story as a site on which Christian relics and evidences of the visits of Christian priests were found by the early pagan settlers. Next comes, in the narrow Fáskrúðsfjörður, a glimpse of Skrúðurin (the "jewel"), a green and heather-grown speck, shooting upwards as a lofty rock, loved of birds and of the sun, and besung by the poets—a pleasing contrast to the dark cliffs so near it. Some hours later, the long north-eastern cape is rounded,

and the boat skirts miles of huge rocks, gay with the flutter of countless birds and flecked with white masses of guano. In the distance comes into view Grímsey,[1] Iceland's only really and truly Arctic possession in a strictly geographical sense, for its sorely isolated people look out upon the boundless boreal seas beyond the Arctic circle. They form the northernmost indigenous little community of our Germanic race—living by fishing in the most frigid of waters, and by capturing, at the peril of their lives, the storm-birds which build their nests on the almost inaccessible cliffs bounding the Eastern shores of their tiny home. Dwelling on a dozen sterile farms, they maintain, with difficulty, three or four score of sheep, and half a dozen cattle and ponies, whose existence, like that of their owners, is one of perennial hunger. Yet they have a little church and an intelligent pastor, and a much-read island-library of a few hundred volumes. The winter days are long and dark and icy and windy, and the winter seas between them and the mainland, wave-tossed and storm-swept, are sometimes impassable for week after week, so that if one in the outer world write an autumn letter to a Grímseyan he must wait with patience a vernal or summer reply. Of late years a new period has dawned in the island's history, for one small Icelandic coast steamer now calls twice a year (in July and August) to bring the islanders

[1] Mr. Fiske bequeathed a fund for the benefit of the inhabitants of this little isle.

their slender supply of coal. The next island which will greet the voyager is a famous one, Drangey in the Skagafjörður, where Grettir, the hero of the Grettissaga, with the aid of its lofty and precipitous cliffs, long held his fierce enemies at bay, and yielded at last only to treachery. During the sail around the great northwestern peninsula, many fugitive glimpses will be had of its long succession of picturesque fjords, before reaching the broad Breiðifjörður, in which lie, in many clusters, the scores of islands that make up the Icelandic archipelago. From one of the little hamlets on these islands, Flatey, came the great and important Flateyjar codex of sagas, one of the vellum treasures of the Copenhagen Royal Library. As one passes through the group in summer, the sombre rocks, relieved by patches of brightest emerald, and set in the smiling waters, form a thousand pretty pictures, which the memory long retains. Leaving the big fjord, one enjoys first a northern and then a southern view of the magnificent Snæfellsjökull, of never-fading beauty, and perhaps catches sight, at its base, of Stapi, a series of walls and caves, formed and framed by masses of basaltic columns, very like the Irish Staffa.

Foreign Scholars in Iceland.—There can be no doubt of the great utility, to one who is acquiring the Old-Northern language, or investigating its literature, of a sojourn in Iceland. This is proved —to cite no other cases—by the example of Rask,

the philologist, and of Maûrer, the historian and jurist; both did their work better for the months they passed in the land in which the tongue they were obliged to use is still a spoken dialect—the only ancient speech of any branch of our Germanic race anywhere surviving in the mouths of the people. The study of it, as it lives, gives the Old-Northern student a notable advantage not to be obtained otherwise, and not to be easily overestimated. But this is not all. A large and valuable portion of the old literature embraces the "Íslendinga sögur," the sagas relating solely to Iceland, and nobody can fully appreciate their spirit, nor, we might almost say, their letter, unless he has seen the scenes in which their events transpired. Among the people with whom the foreign student in Iceland associates, he will constantly discover traces of the ancient life and the ancient customs, each one of which casts a new light upon the text he is reading. The fact may, perhaps, be here recalled that, until nearly a generation after Rask's time, no other foreigner became a really profound Old-Northern scholar. Up to that date, virtually all the grammatical work, all the lexicological labor was done, and all the texts edited and commented by natives of Iceland—though, in many instances, the names of others appeared on the title-pages of the volumes when published. Even in our day no man born beyond Iceland's shores has accomplished such vast tasks, in

the domain of linguistics and letters, and accomplished them so well as the late Guðbrandur Vigfússon. In connection with this theme may be quoted the words of an American writer:[2] "Following the story of Old-Northern philology, from its beginning down to our own day, it is impossible not to feel astonishment at the number of learned laborers which a community so small as the population of Iceland has produced. As in the ancient days, when the sagaman recounted his tales and the skald recited his lays, nearly all the literary life of the north was hers—while the other greater and richer lands of Scandinavia were well nigh barren—so, in more recent times, she has been the chief interpreter of her own creations, which embody the history, the mythology, the laws of the early Gothic world. It is true that the island commonwealth possessed—to begin with—a splendid heritage. All the lore of the primeval ages was hers. Her sons still spoke the language of the days in which there were giants; to them the larger utterances of the gods were still household voices; even the whispers which startled nature, at the dawn of our civilization, they could yet repeat. The key of the treasures concealed by the mysterious runes—powerful as the seal of Solo-

[2] Probably Mr. Fiske himself. Such is the conjecture of Prof. Halldór Hermannsson, the custodian of the Fiske Icelandic Collection at Cornell University, who was with Mr. Fiske in Copenhagen in 1903, when the latter was compiling *Mimir*.

mon against the endeavors of other hands—was likewise in their possession. All the deities of the Odinic theology found their final refuge on Iceland's shores. Only among her icy mountains lingered, at last, the faint echoes of the songs of the heroes who battled, and battling, chanted, in the twilight of our race. The sturdy republic which the offspring of kings and vikings had built up amid the snow of glaciers and the fire of volcanoes, continued to be governed by the archaic codes established by the Moses and Solons of the old Teutonic times. To these insular Northmen, too, were alone known the stories of the years when their ships sailed over the northern waters of the Atlantic to another world in the west —centuries before the keel of the Italian Columbus ploughed a way through its southern waters. The empires of the south could see the setting sun in all its glory, but only Iceland knew of the lands of the Hesperides beyond, or could guess what that sunset glory foretold. They felt, too, the burden of the past, and the honors and duties of long descent, for, in tradition at first, in inscribed tables afterwards, they could trace backward from son to sire, from sire to grandsire, and from grandsire to the remotest progenitor, the story of each household. These genealogies went backward to a past beyond the Iceland-ward wanderings of their people, while the narratives of the wanderings themselves had been transmitted with the detail of a diarist. The families

that migrated, in the 5th and 6th centuries, from the southern borders of the North Sea, to the coast of Kent, like those that in the 17th century, crossed the broader seas that separated Old England from New England, took little or no pains to hand down to posterity the annals of their progress; but the Icelanders, whenever they chose, could walk again in the recorded footsteps of their fathers, who, in the 9th and 10th centuries, had left the fjords of Norway and the islands of Scotland to take possession of the green valleys that open to the ocean along the shores of their far-northern home. And as each of those valleys began to make its history, every incident and accident, every gest and scene, were remembered and transmitted and described again to the descendants of the settlers unto the latest generation. But all this was not true of the home-land merely. Icelandic bards and story-tellers, champions and ramblers, brought back from foreign courts and camps accounts of the life of the outer world—the doings of kings and warriors, of courtiers and prelates, of soldiers and peasants—and told them afresh to their children and their children's children. Then it also happened, in the course of time, as was natural, that Iceland not only kept the old tongue, but learned to wield the new pen as well—the new pen that Christianity brought with it into the north. In the houses of her chiefs, in the cabins of her yeomen, in the cloisters of her priests, hundreds of

scribes, through many lifetimes, wrote down the sound and the sense of the words that were vanishing, and the tales of the deeds that were fading. But for their zeal—writing mostly under the cold skies and during the brief sunshine of winter—the most powerful peoples of the present world would long ago have lost, past recall, the knowledge of what their far-away forefathers thought and wrought; of how they lived and labored; of whom they prayed to, and of what they fought for. Thus in the northern isle each great man's house, in the lapse of years—for there were seekers of rarities in those days, too—became a library rich in lettered wealth elsewhere unattainable—in the varied learning of the North-Teutonic bard and pilgrim and chronicler and rhymer and romancer. There could be read such legends of Germanic heroes as were not to be found in other Germanic lands; such narratives of the Scandinavian kings as no other Scandinavian region possessed; such lives of English saints and Scottish island-jarls as Britain knew not of. But in the end the lore-loving little land was fated to lose much of this well-earned wealth and glory. The manuscripts on vellum and paper—so many that the number of them still extant seems incredible—were carried away—as Rome despoiled Greece of her marbles, as Napoleon despoiled Italy of her canvases—to enrich and make famous the libraries of foreign lands, not a few of them perishing in transit

by accidents of fire and flood. But it turned out that to the foreign despoilers the manuscripts were dumb. Their words were voiceless except to those who wrote them. They were as unintelligible as were the hieroglyphs carved on the obelisks of Egypt to the Romans, who pulled them down on the banks of the Nile to set them up again on the banks of the Tiber. Thus it was that the children of Iceland had again to rescue from oblivion the records of our ancestral wisdom. They had to interpret, to the duller generations of the old family, the words their ancestors had formerly committed to stone and parchment, to reconstruct the monuments and muniments, of which their new owners proved to be unworthy keepers. It is then to Icelanders that we owe the first grammars of the primitive speech, published at Copenhagen and Oxford. It is they who have been the compilers of dictionaries and the commentators of the classic writings. But, in addition to all this, the general literary production of Iceland in modern times, in branches of letters other than those we are treating of, is likewise surprising. Her people number 80,000, to which may be added 25,000 more in northern North America, who still prefer to speak their own tongue rather than the English. This is the population of a minor city in the larger lands of civilization. But an examination of the yearly output of her presses—journals, magazines, books, pamphlets—and a comparison of it with the

literary productions of any other community of many times the size, will show how wonderful is the love of letters still fostered by the rocky soil to which the Eddas and Sagas of Iceland's first centuries owe their birth."

POEMS ON ICELAND

NEARING ICELAND

Now rises fair above the swelling sea
The far-sought land, of long and keen desire,
Whose olden story and whose golden speech
Have winged for me such dear and trancéd hours—
What time its poets' deftly-braided verse
I scanned, or conned the quaintly-woven tales
That paint its ancient heroes' deathless deeds.
O realm of blended frost and fire upbuilt;
Of seething fountains sprung from frozen fells;
Of god-enkindled torches flashing far
In blazing splendors over nocturn skies;
Of flame-red lava-cataracts that pour
Down slopes of blanchéd ice; of skies that smile
As dark-browed midnight kisses light-eyed noon—
A monarch grim in lonely state thou sitt'st
Thy wide and wild and wavy ocean throne,
Enrobed in wintry black and summer green,
And bearing high thy crown of snowy white!
Thou rul'st my mind as she o'ersways my heart.
July, 1879

AN EPISTLE FROM THE ARTIC SEA

No liegeman true hath yet, I ween,
Sent homage due to such a Queen
  From such a wondrous world.
Drear-stretching to the utter pole
The Arctic seas before me roll;
  Against yon coast are hurled
The icy-crested waves that pour
From hither Greenland's glacial shore
  Across that realm forlorn,
Where life nor leaps, nor creeps, nor flies;
Where, under ever-frozen skies,
  The icebergs white are born;
Where, deep amid the dismal dearth,
The vague aurora has its birth,
  And in its thousand forms —
Fantastic, fearful, weirdly fair—
Flares high athrough the wondering air;
  Where sweep such savage storms
As never southern seas enrage —
As when the mighty wind-gods wage
  A war of life and death,
While tempests against tempests rush
Making the stars their music hush,
  And planets stay their breath!

Behind me, ranging wide away,
Half-screened by fleecy mist and spray,
  Stern, rock-hewn ramparts run —
Like walls of some Titanic town
That down on stounded foemen frown,

I

High-looming, grim and dun.
They stretch from east to farthest west,
And o'er their cragged, jagged crest,
With sounding shriek and chant,
Whirl feathered hosts of palest hue —
The slow-winged gull, the shy sea-mew,
And craving cormorant.
Baffled in many a furious shock
Against this stubborn scarp of rock,
The sullen billows roar,
And still their endless battle urge,
And still in foamy onset surge —
Such Iceland's northern shore.

But inland far a varying view!
Tall summits pierce the central blue,
And kiss the cloudlets fair
That, floating slowly off, caress
Each peak they leave in loneliness.
Snow-shining through the air,
Sun-tipped with sheen they stand —
These monster mountains, kingly grand.
Along their sides the drifts
Yet linger; and alternate bands
Of frost, and lawny pasture-lands,
And swarthy, rocky rifts
Thus drape in beauty, motley, strange,
The slopes of every lengthening range.
Glades of glowing green,
Where, winding past the turf-thatched homes
Many a snow-fed torrent foams,
Still lower down are seen.
Such green! not veinéd malachite
Nor beryl clear hath hue so bright;
Its dazzling lustre pales
The velvet tint of English meads,
Or that the ice-fed moisture breeds

In alp-secluded vales.
And round these mountain bases lie,
Spread offward to the earth-joined sky,
The sad-hued moors unfurled,
Besprent by summer's sheen and showers
With twinkling, moss-born Arctic flowers —
A star-embroidered world!

I breathe the clear and crystal air,
So limpid pure, so sweet, so rare,
So quick with breath divine!
Its ether brain and body thrills,
Each limb with tensest vigor fills
Like some o'erearthly wine,
And penetrates the inmost sense
With aromatic redolence —
As when the soul, enfreed
From grosser mortal gyves and links,
Enters high Odin's hall and drinks
Blest Heidrun's hallowed mead.
And O the light, the silver light,
More argent white, more pearly bright
Than any light that gleams!
It lumines heath and sea and sky,
And gladdens heart and soul and eye;
Its liquid, lucent beams
Lead us, like Parsees, hour by hour,
To laud the great creative power
For such all-blessed boon.
Its peerless source shines night and day,
As mellow and as warm his ray
At midnight as at noon;
And darkness, sceptreless, has flown
To build in sadder climes her throne,
And with her exiled train —
The swart-browed dusk, the twilight trist,

The sable cloud, the veiling mist —
  Has ceased her Arctic reign.

Come to the North, O gracious Queen,
Come to the land of snow and sheen,
  Come to the whiter zone!
Come while the summer zephyrs blow,
Come while the stellar flowerets glow,
  Come ere the light be flown!
A royal welcome shall be thine —
Posies of alpine blooms divine,
  By dews celestial kissed;
Crowns with auroral gems bedight,
More lustrous than the chrysolite,
  Sphered pearl, or amethyst;
Landscapes wherein no line is laid
Of pallor cold, or hueless shade;
  And runic poets' lays,
That tell in rhymes of skaldic art
How dear thy image to my heart
  Through all these darkless days.

July, 1879

ACROSS ICELAND

I

These the heaths, O Fairest, Rarest —
These the heaths whereon thou sharest
With the lesser flowers my love!
These the heaths, and high above,
Lucent as thy limpid eye,
Arches Iceland's summer sky,
Shineth Iceland's tireless sun,
Half his twofold course unrun.
These the heaths that sweep away
Far beyond the set of day,
Over ridges never ending,
Rising slow, or slow descending,
Broadening out to right and left,
Bare of house, and tree-bereft.
Dark as sphinxes' heads that stand
Peering from the desert sand
By Nilotic temples grand,
Pyramidal cairnlets black
Mark the rarely-trodden track,
Stretching straight through mile and mile
In an ever lengthening file.
Long along their endless line
Ride we through these days divine,
While in air, with wings a-flashing,
Gaily darting, dancing, dashing,
Pluméd, piping minstrels hover
Over every grassy cover —
Silver swan and golden plover,

Rail and wren, and many a bright
Tuneful comrade of our flight —
Flinging to the breeze their tender
Pæans to the summer's splendor.

II

Wert thou, Fairest, here by me,
(Would to God that so might be),
In this heath-world desolate,
Solitude's own lone estate,
Thou should'st see a full strange thing —
How, in months of sunny spring,
As a hall of eastern king
These broad plains are carpeted;
Mats of sylvan grace outspread —
Blooms of white and blooms of red,
Lemon yellow, azure blue,
Blossoms blithe of every hue,
Gem-decored with shining dew,
Dot the far-encircling view.
Mosses gray, and bracken green,
Grasses lush, and rushes lean,
Tufts of sedge, and lichens vivid,
Thorny furze, and mushrooms livid —
Ah, what bardic tongue can tell
All the petalled shapes that dwell
Here on heathy rise and swell,
There on slope of fjord or fell?
Flora's lavish boons o'erwhelm
Ramblers in this Arctic realm,
Multiform in beauty shining,
Sparkling, waving, drooping, twining —
Mountain-aven, citron-pale,
Hard by alpine speedwell frail;
Humble, white-tipped asphodels;
Campanula's sapphire bells,

Flaring, hanging fairy cells
Where the dew-drop, lingering, dwells;
Cranebill wild in purple flood;
Low azalea's buds of blood;
Mossy campion—gentlest flower
Found in Iceland's bloomy dower,
Smiling with its lipiets pink
On the snowbank's chilly brink,
In the rocklet's crack and chink;
Balder's brow — a sun ablaze
Circled by his silvery rays;
And a-gleam in barer spots
Starry-eyed forget-me-nots,
Jewels heaven to earth allots.
Stony wonders, too, there are —
Chalcedony, tufa, spar,
Pebbly reaches shining far,
Dappled boulders, fungus-spotted,
Sandy stretches, herbage-dotted.
So hath nature's ardent toil
Set in swart volcanic soil
Rock and growth of colors quaint,
Brilliant, gairish, pallid, faint,
As no artist's brush may paint.

III

Lo! a fairies' paradise
In a lava crevice lies,
Deftly hid from peeping eyes —
In which passion-trancéd fays,
Moss-encouchéd, all the days
Lovingly might lie and gaze
Into elfin eyes bright burning,
Every loving glance returning.
Nought can heaven offer fairer,
Greener-fresh, or richer, rarer,

Than this cryptic ferny dell,
Shut within a shady cell,
To our marveling ken revealing,
Pendant from its curvéd ceiling,
Tapestry beyond compare,
Plumy, drooping maiden's-hair;
Floor, star-paved with waxy flowers,
Fit for ladies' easeful bowers;
Walls with pearly lichens lined;
Archéd portal, vine-entwined;
And in deep recess enshrined,
Mirroring this dreamy sight
By the gleam of outer light,
A delicious tiny pool,
Glassy clear and icy cool —
Fountain whither, oft-recurring,
Parched from stirring winglets spurring,
Cupid's lip might dip and sip
As its crystal droplets drip.
Well might grot so lovely lure
Disembodied spirits pure,
And delay their fated flight
To that other world of light.

IV

Sheen-immersed, a distant view,
Caught a gaping chasm through,
Shows, below the girdling mountains,
Sheafy groups of geyser fountains —
Columns tall of foamy steam
Rising in a realm of dream.
Here, in flashing jet and spray
The fuming, boiling waters play,
Gemmed and jewelled in the maze
Of enmeshing noonday rays,
Matin flush, and vesper blaze;

Here the snow-born torrents pour
Steepest precipices o'er:
Here the humid, heated air
Greens the herbage everywhere;
And the streamlet's magic sets
In its islets, on its frets,
Daisies pale and violets.
In this glade of sheen and mist,
Fragrant-scented, zephyr-kissed,
Nature's hostile struggles cease;
Taking calm and sweet release,
Fire and water dwell in peace;
Ardent sunshine wields no arm
Frigid, glacial fields to harm,
And touches lightly snowy drifts
High uppiled in rocky rifts;
While the beck, with wooing waves,
Both its shorelets laps and laves —
Laves and flows and stoppeth not
Save to bid the seething hot
Overflow of geyser pool
Welcome to its current cool,
To its cascade's song and dance.
This the land of high romance!
Fairest fancy's barges sail
Up and down this vapory vale.
Vivid dreams can never pale,
Nor imagination fail
In such charmed illusory air;
Idle, lulling reverie there,
In its blissful castle-building,
Scar and cliff is ever gilding,
And in flights enthusiastic
Coining rhapsodies fantastic,
Conjuring many a star-lit vision
From a realm, unmapped, Elysian,
Peopled by a race unreal

Breathing atmosphere ideal.
In such vale, at twilight's gloaming,
Skald and sagaman go roaming,
Or in fancy's dainty loom
Weave their tales of death and doom —
Legend wild, or mythic story,
Fables of heroic glory.
Song-smiths here of yore did weld
Those bewitching lays of eld —
Lays of tender, trusting souls
Stirred by passion's joys and doles;
Lays of two enwoven hearts
Sundered by deception's arts,
Pierced by rivals' treacherous darts;
Lays of tears in azure eyes
Twinkling under boreal skies;
Lays of subtle soul-beguiling,
Dolor sweet and sweeter smiling.
But no sentry mountain guards
Valley blest wherein the bards
Sang of old by brook or lea
Love so true in grief or glee
As is that I feel for thee —
Wide as earth's immensity,
Deep as soundless depths of sea.

V

What wise calculator counts
Your huge number, mighty mounts?
Gazing down on dale and strand,
Wind-swept moor, and sea-sprayed sand,
Sunlight-graced and zephyr-fanned,
By Aurora's fair eyes scanned,
Springtime's mossy girdles spanned,
Painted white by winter's hand,
At each point and bound ye stand.

Mighty mountains in the east,
Icy-tipped and snowy-fleeced!
Mighty mountains in the west,
Verdure-belted to the crest!
Mighty mountains in the north,
Out of snowdrifts peering forth!
Mighty mountains in the south,
Clad with crag and cavern-mouth!
Verging the vast heath ye rise,
In grand, grotesque, or ghastly guise,
Shaped by earthquake, fire and storms
Into endless wanton forms—
Pyramid or pointed cone;
Column tall, remote and lone;
Castles builded bold and steep
With towered wall and donjon-keep:
Domes so broad that in their shade
All Valhalla's souls arrayed
Might have chanted loud and grim
Eddic psalm and runic hymn;
And unshapen masses bearing
Scores of summits dizzy, daring,
Crusted glaciers, shining, glaring,
Down whose steep and buttressed sides
Leap the cataract's milky tides
Out of upmost ices thawed.
Giant-breasted, shoulder-broad,
Granite-hearted, gray as time,
Stand ye in your strength sublime
Emblems high of Northland stern!
But to cruel gests ye turn
When your nether forges burn,
Whereon Wayland hammers out
Biting sword and halberd stout,
(Breeders fell of widows' tears).
Then your angry soul outpeers,
Then your giant mouths ye ope,

And adown your scarréd slope
Runs the lurid lava stream;
Ashen shower and hissing steam
Thrill the terror-stricken air,
Scalding, blighting everywhere
All these flowery heathfields fair.
O what ills and woes gigantic
Breed ye then with savage antic,
Rageful throe, and throbbing frantic!

VI

So across the leagues of flowers
Ride we down the happy hours.
Rider, horse and dog are gay,
Sun-ensmiled by night and day;
Fresh the air and straight the way,
Blithe the tuneful birds at play.
Who shall say us nay and nay
If, enchanted, we delay,
Eager mid such scenes to stay,
Blest o'er such a world to stray.
Light is night and lighter morn,
Life itself of darkness shorn.
Though from cloudless sky afar
Shine no planet mild nor star,
Why need this our pleasure bar
When, in cluster, tuft and wreath,
Stellar blooms bedeck the heath?
So we ride and ride away
Through the night which is the day,
Through the day which is the night,
Quaffing draughts of liquid light.
Fairer, fairer sunshine bleaches
Barer, barer heathy reaches;
Blander, blander smile the skies,
Grander, grander mountains rise.

Yet no joy may perfect be
In this marred mortality;
In these tranquil-toned bounds
One sad note discordant sounds;
One sole blot the landscape hath
In later eve or morning rath;
One sole sadness taints my bliss,
One sole shape I ever miss—
Less I love these lovely leas
Since my love's beyond the seas.

August 1879.

WILLARD FISKE IN ICELAND [1]

BY PROVOST WILLIAM H. CARPENTER
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PROFESSOR FISKE'S journey to Iceland in the summer of 1879 was in every sense a sentimental journey. He had long had it in mind. He had acquired an unusual knowledge of Iceland, its literature, and its history while a student in Sweden, and those early days had given him a peculiar interest that lasted through his life in the extraordinary happenings of the historical past—the romantic settlement of the island by the Norsemen, the socially and politically interesting rise of the free state, the prodigious unfolding of an unparalleled literature of prose and verse, of sagas and songs, that made of it a storehouse of memory of the ancient days of the whole Germanic race that other-

[1] This attractive narrative was contributed by Professor Carpenter to the memorial to Professor Fiske, to which the annual session of the Bibliographical Society of America, held at Saratoga Springs, July 5, 1918, was devoted. With his friendly coöperation it is here presented. Together with other accounts of Professor Fiske, it was first published in "The Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America," Vol. XII, Nos. 3-4, July-October, 1918. University of Chicago Press.

wise had been lost and forgotten. He was interested, too, in the actual conditions of the land and people of the present, when to most of us Iceland is only a remote island that we know of vaguely as a land of frost and fire, as Carlyle has called it, and that we apprehend mistakenly as inhabited by a fur-clad people—who never wear furs—as remote from our intellectual sympathy and understanding as their island itself is remote from our ordinary journeyings.

Professor Fiske was almost, if not quite, the earliest of Americans to read Icelandic and actually to know at first hand Icelandic literature, and not only to his interest in it, but to his knowledge of it, is due the considerable collection of Icelandic books that was got together at the old Astor Library while he was assistant librarian and which is now a valuable part of the great Public Library of New York. In 1874, when Iceland had a public and indeed an international celebration of the one-thousandth year of its settlement, he would have liked to go in person, as he often said, to participate in so memorable an event, but it could not be managed, and instead he got together by personal appeal to publishers and others a considerable collection of English books that were sent as a gift to the little capital of Reykjavík, and have today (for a great many Icelanders read English) an interesting and no doubt a useful and influential place in the public

library of that small metropolis.[2] During my own winter in Iceland, I used to give thanks, frequent and fervid, for this Fiske donation, since it helped me through the long dark days that settle down and stay down through weeks of forced inaction. Among others, I remember with gratitude a complete set of Captain Marryat that I never should have found leisure to read elsewhere, and whose perusal from beginning to end I now treasure up as a worth-while literary accomplishment.

To justify my own personal interest in things Icelandic and to explain my ultimate participation in the sentimental journey, I would state, in the first place, that I had become immensely interested in the Icelandic language and literature while a student at Cornell University, as did everybody who came at all under the influence of Professor Fiske's enthusiastic teaching. When I went to Germany, as I did in 1878, to study further the whole historical field of the Germanic languages, I at once took up again the study of Icelandic, this time at Leipzig, with Anton Edzardi, early dead, and became, with a wider knowledge of it, more and more interested in its whole environment—what it had stood for in the past, and increasingly, what it was at the present time. It was this latter aspect of the matter, in

[2] Under Professor Fiske's will, all of his books, apart from the special collections bequeathed to Cornell University, were sent to Reykjavík. [Ed.]

particular, that led me eagerly to seize the opportunity to join Professor Fiske and Arthur Reeves,[3] a graduate of the class of 1878 at Cornell, in the proposed journey to Iceland, which Professor Fiske had written me from America they were about to undertake by way of Leith in Scotland, between which and Iceland there was regular steamship communication. As it fell out, they preceded me to Iceland, and instead of landing at Reykjavík they continued on the ship to Akureyri in the extreme north of the island and then came across the whole length of the land on ponyback to Reykjavík, where in the meantime I had arrived by the Danish mail ship "Phoenix" from Copenhagen.

The journey overland from Akureyri had been a veritable triumphal progress, so far as an Iceland journey could be with the daily halts at the widely isolated farmsteads and parsonages, but I only personally knew of its triumphant ending, for everywhere Professor Fiske was expected and received, not as the chance traveller who has come out of idle curiosity to spy out the land, but as an honored guest who has been known only from afar and has now come to receive a gladly extended welcome.

[3] Arthur Middleton Reeves, a disciple of Professor Fiske's, a rare and beautiful character, book lover and book collector, and a most promising Scandinavian scholar, was killed in a railroad accident in 1891. In his "Biography and Correspondence" (London, Oxford University Press, 1895) appear his letters from Iceland describing this memorable journey. [Ed.]

The succeeding days in Reykjavík were days of entertainment—of dinners and teas at the governor's, the bishop's, and the dignitaries' of the administration, which were much like such social functions elsewhere, only the setting of the little village, with its beautiful outlook over the bay to the many-colored slopes of Esja in the distance and the snow-white cones of Snæfell rising out of the sea on the remote horizon, was different and distinctive, and our lodging in the one-storied black-tarred house was more distinctive still.

In August we set out for a journey up into the interior of the island with a relay of ponies, Gisli, the guide, and Valur, the sheep-dog, who had been brought from the north, and who looked with more than canine intelligence after the long line of loose ponies that made up our cavalcade. Icelandic ponies are short-legged, and in the centuries-old bridle paths, which are often worn deep into the ground, the stirrups are frequently knocked from the feet. Professor Fiske, however, had been provided with an unusually long-legged animal that the Duke of Hamilton had previously ridden on a tourist's tour to the Geysir, and I can still readily visualize him mounted high above us, and can recall how he descanted whimsically, as was his wont, on the advantage of being taller than his fellows, which those of you who know him well will remember that under the ordinary circumstances of life he was not.

Travelling in Iceland was not the easy and comfortable matter that it is in many lands no farther off the beaten track. It was all on pony-back. There were no roads in our day, except the short stretch out of Reykjavík, but there was a network of bridle paths that had been used for generations. It is up hill and down dale, when it is not up mountain and down valley, and the snow line is very low, so that there are not infrequent interruptions of rain and hail on the heights and it is freezing cold. There were no bridges over the swift-running rivers, which had to be forded or else by the sea shore were crossed by ferry at their mouths with the horses swimming head and tail in a long line behind.

It was all picturesque and interesting, but it needed at times some equanimity to carry it off, and the younger members of the party sometimes complained at what they got and what they did not get. Professor Fiske, however—and that was his inevitable characteristic as a traveller, for I have travelled with him in many lands—took it all as a matter of course, with that bright optimism that belonged to him under all the conditions and circumstances of life. In Iceland, particularly, he felt, I am sure, beside this, with his knowledge and his sympathies, that he had come into his own.

It was a memorable journey. We visited first of all the steaming plain of the Great Geysir, which failed, however, to erupt, as it frequently does, al-

though the Strokkur, the next best spouting spring, was made, as the custom is, admirably to do its duty. The main intention in setting out was to see the old open-air parliament place at Thingvellir, to get a nearby view of Hekla, and to inspect with our own eyes some of the principal places of the Njáls Saga, the great prose epic and epitome of Icelandic life in the classic age of its history.

This short paper cannot be a detailed itinerary, although I have been tempted to make it so, so well do I remember the incidents. We visited the squalid farmstead on the site of Hlíðarendi, the old home of Gunnar—the most national and characteristic figure of the Njáls Saga, and, in fact, of the whole prose literature of Iceland—where can still be traced the walls of the hall in which he met his heroic death. It was the view from Hlíðarendi that held him back from flight to safety after he had been outlawed at the Althing: "Fair," he said, "is the Lithe; so fair that it has never seemed to me so fair; the corn fields are white to harvest, and the home mead is mown; and now I will ride back home, and not fare abroad at all." The view is still there—the distant mountains, the broad plain, and the winding river, but there are no more fertile fields here or elsewhere in Iceland, and whether due to climatic change, as some suppose, or to racial decadence, Iceland is no longer in this, as in many respects, the recognizable land of the sagas. At Bergthórshvoll, in the plain,

we stopped at the farmstead where once was the hall of the patient and magnanimous Njáll, in which he and many of his household were burned in the long feud that is the central theme of the saga. Both Hlíðarendi—Lithe End—and Bergthórshvoll still bear their old saga names, the latter having now, as then, the name of Njáll's wife, Bergthóra, who, like Gunnar's wife, Hallgerða, was a principal actor and, indeed, in the one case the mainspring of action in the tragedy. For in Old Iceland, as everywhere else in the world of men, it has been and is *cherchez la femme*, and so will it doubtless be to the end of time.

We went on to Hekla and stayed overnight at the farmstead at its foot. Everywhere we were received as guests whom it was a delight to entertain with the best during our sojourn, and at our departure it was a frequent experience that a book, or sometimes several books, would be given to Professor Fiske, and no doubt often highly prized ones in which he had shown an interest, and which now are a part of the great collection at Cornell University of Icelandic literature, the greatest in America, and certainly one of the greatest to-day in the world.

On our journey back we stopped over night at the farmstead of Oddi, where was once the old home of Saemund the Wise and the home in his early days of Snorri, the most remarkable man that Iceland ever produced, advocate, statesman, "speaker of the law,"

historian, and poet, the author of the Heimskringla, the monumental History of the Kings of Norway, and of the Snorra Edda, the Avesta of the Germanic people. And in a way most memorable of all, we spent a long day at Thingvellir, the place of the old parliament, the Althing, that for nearly nine hundred years was held here in the open air and for all this long period was the active center of the social and political life of Iceland. The sites of the foundations of the booths that were occupied during the midsummer sessions of the Althing were still visible as grass-grown mounds, but the place was as still as the little graveyard of the nearby church, and nothing has remained unchanged except the lake, the eternal rocks, and the river. That night we slept in the little church, but the increasing cold reminded us that it was time to think of more comfortable conditions, and we turned, with the thought that an experience unforgettable had been ended, back toward Reykjavík.

There was again a round of entertainment which had its culmination in a great public banquet at the hospital, which the whole male population of the town and the surrounding country attended. Professor Fiske, as the guest of honor, was of course expected to make a responsive speech, and, though his Icelandic was reasonably ample for the ordinary purpose of daily communication, it was not enough for the effort that was expected of him on such an

important and formal occasion. I remember him for several days laboring with "Cleasby and Vigfusson," the big Icelandic dictionary, to work out the speech that he subsequently committed to memory and delivered with great impressiveness, with tremendous effect, and to an unbounded applause that still rings in my ears as I write of it. A song had been written for the occasion, the refrain of which was sung with a growing warmth of enthusiasm with which the climate had little to do. I have long since forgotten the verses, but the refrain was repeated so insistently that it has stayed to this day, a flotsam of memory, as such things do, and it goes like this:

Heill Fiske, vor kjæri,
Með fjélögum tveim,
Their fegins gestir
Frá Vesturheim!

Hail Fiske, our beloved,
With companions twain,
Those joyful guests
From the Western World!

It was only a short time after that Fiske and Reeves said farewell, and I know a reluctant one, to Iceland and to the many friends who saw them rowed away to the ship in the offing that was to take them back to Scotland and on their way to America. With the rest I waved them from the shore until they were aboard my own farewell, for I had decided